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THE YALE  
SHAKESPEARE

ROMEO  
AND  
JULIET

EDITED BY  
WILLARD H. DURHAM

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# THE YALE SHAKESPEARE

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EDITED BY

WILBUR L. CROSS      TUCKER BROOKE  
WILLARD HIGLEY DURHAM

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*∴ The Yale Shakespeare ∴*

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THE MOST EXCELLENT AND  
LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY  
OF  
ROMEO AND JULIET

EDITED BY

WILLARD HIGLEY DURHAM



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*The facsimile opposite represents the title-page of the Elizabethan Club copy of the 1599 quarto. The Roxburghe arms and the signature of George Steevens indicate former owners. Eleven copies of this edition are known to survive.*

Q

THE  
MOST EX-  
cellent and lamentable  
Tragedie, of Romeo  
and Iuliet.

*Newly corrected, augmented, and  
amended:*

As it hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by the  
right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine  
his Seruants.



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to  
be sold at his Shop neare the Exchange.

1 5 9 9.

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona*

PARIS, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince*

MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two Houses at variance with*  
CAPULET, } *each other*

Uncle to Capulet

ROMEO, *son to Montague*

MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the Prince,* } *Friends*

BENVOLIO, *Nephew to Montague,* } *to Romeo*

TYBALT, *Nephew to Lady Capulet*

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order*

BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo*

SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet*  
GREGORY, }

PETER, *Servant to Juliet's Nurse*

ABRAHAM, *Servant to Montague*

An Apothecary

Three Musicians

Page to Mercutio; Page to Paris; another Page; an  
Officer

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague*

LADY CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet*

JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet*

Nurse to Juliet

Citizens of Verona; male and female Kinsfolk to  
both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen and  
Attendants

Chorus

SCENE.—*Verona: Once (in the Fifth Act)*  
*at Mantua.]*

# *The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet*

## PROLOGUE

[Enter Chorus.]

Chor. *Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes* 5  
*A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;* 12  
*The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.*  
[Exit.]

1 Chorus; cf. n.

3 mutiny: contention

4 civil: of citizens

6 star-cross'd: thwarted by destiny; cf. n.

9 passage: course

12 traffic: business

14 miss: be wanting

## ACT FIRST

## Scene One

[*Verona. A Public Place*]

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with swords and bucklers, of the House of Capulet.*

*Sam.* Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

*Gre.* No, for then we should be colliers.

*Sam.* I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

*Gre.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar. 6

*Sam.* I strike quickly, being moved.

*Gre.* But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

*Sam.* A dog of the house of Montague moves me. 10

*Gre.* To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runnest away.

*Sam.* A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's. 16

*Gre.* That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

*Sam.* 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

*Gre.* The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. 24

*Sam.* 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:

Act First, Scene One; *cf. n.*

1 carry coals: *endure affronts*; *cf. n.*

7 moved; *exasperated*

S. d. bucklers: *shields*

4 an: *if* choler: *anger*

15 take the wall; *cf. n.*



when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel  
with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

*Gre.* The heads of the maids? 28

*Sam.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their  
maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

*Gre.* They must take it in sense that feel it.

*Sam.* Me they shall feel while I am able to  
stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of  
flesh. 34

*Gre.* 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst,  
thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here  
comes two of the house of the Montagues. 37

*Enter two other serving-men [Abraham and  
Balthasar].*

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I  
will back thee.

*Gre.* How! turn thy back and run? 40

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No, marry; I fear thee!

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides; let  
them begin. 44

*Gre.* I will frown as I pass by, and let them  
take it as they list.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my  
thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if  
they bear it. 49

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? 52

*Sam.* [*Aside to Gregory.*] Is the law of our  
side if I say ay?

31 sense: *here*, 'physical perception'

36 poor John: *an inferior dried fish, hake* tool: *weapon*

42 marry: *an oath from the name of S. Mary*

43 take the law of our sides: *have the law on our side* 46 list: *please*

47 bite my thumb; *cf. n.*

*Gre.* [*Aside to Sampson.*] No.

*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir. 57

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

*Sam.* If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you. 61

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, sir.

*Enter Benvolio.*

*Gre.* [*Aside to Sampson.*] Say, 'better'; here comes one of my master's kinsmen. 65

*Sam.* Yes, better, sir.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*Fight.*]

*Ben.* Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

[*Beats down their swords.*]

*Enter Tybalt.*

*Tyb.* What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? 72

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

*Tyb.* What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word, 76

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward! *Fight.*

*Enter* [*several persons of both houses, who join the fray; then enter*] *three or four citizens, with clubs or partisans.*

65 kinsmen; cf. n.

72 drawn: with drawn sword

heartless: cowardly

hinds: menials

*Citizens.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

80

*Enter old Capulet in his gown, and his wife.*

*Cap.* What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

*Lady Cap.* A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

84

*Enter old Montague, and his wife.*

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet! Hold me not; let me go.

*Lady Mon.* Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter Prince Escalus, with his train.*

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

88

Will they not hear? What ho! you men, you beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

92

Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

96

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,

And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,

100

79 Clubs, bills, and partisans; *cf. n.*

84 spite: *contemptuous defiance*

93 mis-temper'd: *tempered for an evil purpose*

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.  
 If ever you disturb our streets again  
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
 For this time, all the rest depart away: 104  
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;  
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon  
 To know our further pleasure in this case,  
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.  
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. 109

*Exeunt [all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio].*

*Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?  
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary  
 And yours close fighting ere I did approach: 113  
 I drew to part them; in the instant came  
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,  
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, 116  
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.  
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
 Came more and more, and fought on part and  
 part, 120  
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

*Lady Mon.* O! where is Romeo? saw you him  
 to-day?  
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd  
 sun 124  
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;

101 Canker'd: *corroded*; *secondly*, 'malignant' 103 forfeit: *breach*  
 108 Free-town; *cf. n.* 110 set . . . abroad: *re-opened*  
 118 withal: *therewith* 120 part: *side*

Where, underneath the grove of sycamore  
 That westward rooteth from the city's side, 128  
 So early walking did I see your son:  
 Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,  
 And stole into the covert of the wood:  
 I, measuring his affections by my own, 132  
 Which then most sought where most might not be  
 found,

Being one too many by my weary self,  
 Pursu'd my humour not pursuing his,  
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been  
 seen, 136

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:  
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw 140  
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
 And private in his chamber pens himself,  
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
 And makes himself an artificial night. 145  
 Black and portentous must this humour prove  
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

*Mon.* I neither know it nor can learn of him.

*Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?

*Mon.* Both by myself and many other friends:  
 But he, his own affections' counsellor, 152  
 Is to himself, I will not say how true,  
 But to himself so secret and so close,  
 So far from sounding and discovery,

130 ware: aware

133 most sought: i.e., most sought to be

132 affections: inclinations

142 heavy: sad

As is the bud bit with an envious worm, 156  
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
 We would as willingly give cure as know. 160

*Enter Romeo.*

*Ben.* See where he comes: so please you, step aside;  
 I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

*Mon.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
 To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

*Exeunt [Montague and Lady].*

*Ben.* Good morrow, cousin.

*Rom.* Is the day so young? 165

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ay me! sad hours seem long.  
 Was that my father that went hence so fast?

*Ben.* It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's  
 hours? 168

*Rom.* Not having that, which having, makes them  
 short.

*Ben.* In love?

*Rom.* Out—

*Ben.* Of love? 172

*Rom.* Out of her favour, where I am in love.

*Ben.* Alas! that love, so gentle in his view,  
 Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

*Rom.* Alas! that love, whose view is muffled  
 still, 176

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will.

Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?  
 Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

156 envious: malignant

158 sun; cf. n.

164 shrift: confession

174 view: outward appearance

175 proof: experience

176 view: sight; cf. n.

still: always

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love: 180

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing! of nothing first create.

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms! 184

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

*Ben.* No, coz, I rather weep. 188

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.

*Rom.* Why, such is love's transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast, 192

Which thou wilt propagate to have it press'd

With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes; 197

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. 200

Farewell, my coz. [Going.]

*Ben.* Soft, I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where. 204

*Ben.* Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

*Rom.* What! shall I groan and tell thee?

*Ben.* Groan! why, no;

But sadly tell me who.

180 more with love; cf. n.

181-186 Cf. n. 187 in this: i.e., in this brawl

193 propagate: increase to have it: by having it

197 purg'd: cleared from smoke

205 sadness: seriousness

183 vanity: triviality, futility

188 coz: cousin

198 vex'd: agitated

207 sadly: seriously

*Rom.* Bid a sick man in sadness make his will; 208  
Ah! word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

*Ben.* I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

*Rom.* A right good mark-man! And she's fair I  
love. 212

*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

*Rom.* Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;  
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, 216  
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.  
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,  
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold: 220  
O! she is rich in beauty; only poor  
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn that she will still live  
chaste?

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge  
waste; 224

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair: 228  
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow  
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O! teach me how I should forget to  
think. 232

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes:  
Examine other beauties.

215 Dian's wit: the turn of mind of the chaste goddess Diana

216 proof: impenetrable armor

222 store: riches; cf. n.

225 starv'd: allowed to die out

218 stay: remain to resist

224 sparing: refraining from use



*Rom.* 'Tis the way  
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.  
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair; 237  
He that is stricken blind cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair, 240  
What doth her beauty serve but as a note  
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?  
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene Two

[*A Street*]

*Enter Capulet, County Paris, and the Clown.*

*Cap.* But Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both;  
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long. 5  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before:  
My child is yet a stranger in the world, 8  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers  
made. 12

*Cap.* And too soon marr'd are those so early made.  
Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,

235 call . . . in question: *consider*

240 passing: *surpassingly*

244 pay that doctrine: *give that instruction*

Scene Two S. d. County: *count* Clown; cf. n. 4 reckoning: *repute*

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:  
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart, 16  
 My will to her consent is but a part;  
 An she agree, within her scope of choice  
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20  
 Whereto I have invited many a guest  
 Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
 At my poor house look to behold this night 24  
 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:  
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
 When well-apparel'd April on the heel  
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight 28  
 Among fresh fennel buds shall you this night  
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,  
 And like her most whose merit most shall be:  
 Which on more view, of many mine being one 32  
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.  
 Come, go with me. [*To Servant, giving him a paper.*]  
 Go, sirrah, trudge about  
 Through fair Verona; find those persons out  
 Whose names are written there, and to them say, 36  
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

*Exeunt [Capulet and Paris].*

*Serv.* Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath

15 hopeful; *cf. n.*  
 32-33 *Cf. n.*

29 fennel; *cf. n.*

30 Inherit: *receive*

here writ. I must to the learned. In good time.

*Enter Benvolio and Romeo.*

*Ben.* Tut! man, one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish; 48

Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's languish:  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die. 52

*Rom.* Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

*Ben.* For what, I pray thee?

*Rom.* For your broken shin.

*Ben.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a mad-  
man is; 56

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,

Whipp'd and tormented, and—Good den, good fellow.

*Serv.* God gi' good den. I pray, sir, can you read?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. 60

*Serv.* Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:

but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

*Rom.* Ay, if I know the letters and the lan-  
guage. 64

*Serv.* Ye say honestly; rest you merry!

[*Offering to go.*]

*Rom.* Stay, fellow; I can read.

*He reads the letter.*

'Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;  
County Anselme and his beauteous sisters;  
the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior  
Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and

his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.'

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

*Serv.* Up.

76

*Rom.* Whither?

*Serv.* To supper; to our house.

*Rom.* Whose house?

*Serv.* My master's.

80

*Rom.* Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

*Serv.* Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! *Exit.*

*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's, Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st, 88  
With all the admired beauties of Verona:

Go thither; and, with unattainted eye  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow. 92

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!  
And these, who often drown'd could never die,

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars! 96  
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

*Ben.* Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,  
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye; 100  
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd  
Your lady's love against some other maid

86 crush a cup: *crack a bottle*

87 ancient: *accustomed*

95 these: *i.e., my eyes*

90 unattainted: *unbiased*

100 pois'd: *weighed*

That I will show you shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well that now shows  
best. 104

*Rom.* I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene Three

[*A Room in Capulet's House*]

*Enter Capulet's Wife, and Nurse.*

*Lady Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call her  
forth to me.

*Nurse.* Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve year  
old,—

I bade her come. What, lamb! what, ladybird!

God forbid! where's this girl? what, Juliet! 4

*Enter Juliet.*

*Jul.* How now! who calls?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Jul.* Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

*Lady Cap.* This is the matter. Nurse, give leave  
awhile.

We must talk in secret: nurse, come back again; 8

I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

*Nurse.* Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

*Lady Cap.* She's not fourteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth— 12

And yet to my teen be it spoken I have but four—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now

To Lammas-tide?

7 give leave: *leave us*

12 lay: *wager*

13 teen: *grief*

9 thou's: *thou shalt*

15 Lammas-tide: *August 1*

*Lady Cap.*           A fortnight and odd days.

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
 Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen. 17  
 Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—  
 Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;  
 She was too good for me. But, as I said, 20  
 On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;  
 That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
 And she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, 24  
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day;  
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;  
 My lord and you were then at Mantua. 28  
 Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,  
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
 Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool!  
 To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug. 32  
 'Shake,' quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,  
 To bid me trudge:  
 And since that time it is eleven years;  
 For then she could stand high lone; nay, by the  
     road, 36  
 She could have run and waddled all about;  
 For even the day before she broke her brow:  
 And then my husband—God be with his soul!  
 A' was a merry man—took up the child: 40  
 'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?  
 Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;  
 Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my halidom,  
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.' 44  
 To see now how a jest shall come about!

29 bear a brain: *have a memory*

33 trow: *dare say; cf. n.*

40 A': *He*

32 tetchy: *peevish*

36 high lone: *quite alone*

road: *cross*

43 halidom: *a mild oath*

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?'  
    quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted and said 'Ay.' 48  
*Lady Cap.* Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy  
    peace.

*Nurse.* Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but  
    laugh,  
To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay.'  
And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow 52  
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;  
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:  
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age; 56  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted and said 'Ay.'

*Jul.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

*Nurse.* Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his  
    grace!  
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:  
An I might live to see thee married once, 61  
I have my wish.

*Lady Cap.* Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme  
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet, 64  
How stands your disposition to be married?

*Jul.* It is an honour that I dream not of.

*Nurse.* An honour! were not I thine only nurse,  
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy  
    teat. 68

*Lady Cap.* Well, think of marriage now; younger  
    than you,  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers: by my count,

I was your mother much upon these years 72  
 That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,  
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady! lady, such a man  
 As all the world—why, he's a man of wax. 76

*Lady Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

*Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

*Lady Cap.* What say you? can you love the  
 gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast; 80

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every married lineament,

And see how one another lends content; 84

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies

Find written in the margent of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover: 88

The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride

For fair without the fair within to hide:

That book in many eyes doth share the glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story: 92

So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him making yourself no less.

*Nurse.* No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

*Lady Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of Paris'  
 love? 96

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move;

But no more deep will I endart mine eye

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

76 man of wax: *beautiful as a wax model*

83 married: *harmonious*

89 fish; *cf. n.*

86 margent: *margin; cf. n.*

98 endart: *shoot as a dart*



*Enter a Serving-man.*

*Serv.* Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight. 104

*Lady Cap.* We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.

*Nurse.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.  
*Exeunt.*

Scene Four

[*A Street*]

*Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six other Maskers; Torch-Bearers.*

*Rom.* What! shall this speech be spoke for our excuse,

Or shall we on without apology?

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity:

We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf, 4

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance: 8

But, let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

*Rom.* Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;  
Being but heavy, I will bear the light. 12

*Mer.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

103 extremity: a desperate pass

105 stays: waits

3 Such prolixity is out of date

5 Tartar's . . . bow: a bow doubly curved like a brace

6 crow-keeper: human scarecrow

10 measure . . . measure: tread a dance

104 straight: immediately

1 this speech; cf. n.

4 hood-wink'd: blindfolded

7 without-book: memorized

*Rom.* Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes  
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead  
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move. 16

*Mer.* You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his shaft  
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound 20  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*Mer.* And, to sink in it, should you burden love;  
Too great oppression for a tender thing. 24

*Rom.* Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down. 28  
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[*Putting on a mask.*]

A visor for a visor! what care I,  
What curious eye doth quote deformities?  
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me. 32

*Ben.* Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,  
But every man betake him to his legs.

*Rom.* A torch for me; let wantons, light of heart,  
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels, 36  
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

*Mer.* Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own  
word: 40

16 So stakes: *which so fastens*

21 pitch: *a term in falconry denoting the height of a hawk's flight*

30 visor for a visor: *a mask for a mask-like face*

31 quote: *observe*

36 rushes: *the common Elizabethan floor covering*

37 proverb'd: *provided with a proverb; cf. n.*

saying

40 dun's the mouse; *cf. n.*

35 wantons: *triflers*

grandsire phrase: *old*

If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,  
Of—save your reverence—love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, sir, in delay 44

We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day.  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits  
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

*Rom.* And we mean well in going to this  
masque; 48

But 'tis no wit to go.

*Mer.* Why, may one ask? .

*Rom.* I dream'd a dream to-night.

*Mer.* And so did I.

*Rom.* Well, what was yours?

*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.

*Rom.* In bed asleep, while they do dream things  
true. 52

*Mer.* O! then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with  
you.

*Ben.* Queen Mab! What's she?

*Mer.* She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone 54  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:  
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; 61  
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;  
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film; 64

42 save your reverence; *cf. n.*

49 wit: *good sense*

55 fairies' midwife: *the fairy who brings dreams to birth*

56 agate-stone; *cf. n.*

60 spinners': *spiders'*

45 lights; *cf. n.*

50 to-night: *last night*

58 atomies: *tiny beings*

64 film: *gossamer thread*

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut, 68  
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of  
 love; 72  
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are. 77  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep, 81  
 Then he dreams of another benefice;  
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades, 85  
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;  
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two, 88  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;  
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
 Which once untangled much misfortune bodes;  
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,

65 waggoner: *coachman*66 worm; *cf. n.*79 suit: *petition for royal favor*80 tithe-pig's: *pig paid as tithe due the church*85 breaches: *gaps made in fortifications* ambuscadoes: *ambushes*86 healths: *draughts of liquor* anon: *presently*90 plats the manes; *cf. n.*91 elf-locks: *tangled masses of hair*

That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
Making them women of good carriage:  
This is she—

*Rom.* Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace! 96  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air, 100  
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. 104

*Ben.* This wind you talk of blows us from our-  
selves;  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear too early; for my mind misgives  
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars 108  
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
With this night's revels, and expire the term  
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death. 112  
But he, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum. [Exeunt.]

### Scene Five

[A Hall in Capulet's House]

[Musicians waiting.] Enter Servant[s].

*First Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps

99 vain: empty      104 dew-dropping: misty  
110 expire . . . of: bring to an end

109 date: duration  
115 Exeunt; cf. n.

not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

*Sec. Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing. 6

*First Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony! and Potpan!

*Sec. Serv.* Ay, boy; ready. 12

*First Serv.* You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for in the great chamber.

*Third Serv.* We cannot be here and there too. 17

*Sec. Serv.* Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. *Exeunt.*

*Enter [Capulet,] all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.*

*Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes 20

Unplagu'd with corns will walk a bout with you.

Ah ha! my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now? 24

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear

Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone. 28

2 trencher: wooden plate

7 joint-stools: stools made by a joiner as opposed to a rougher sort

8 court-cupboard: movable sideboard

21 bout: turn

9 marchpane: almond paste

23 makes dainty: holds aloof

24 am . . . ye: do my words have an effect

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play.  
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

*Music plays, and they dance.*

More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up,  
And quench the fire, the room has grown too hot. 32  
Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,  
For you and I are past our dancing days;  
How long is 't now since last yourself and I 36  
Were in a mask?

*Sec. Cap.* By 'r Lady, thirty years.

*Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so  
much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, 40  
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

*Sec. Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, sir.  
His son is thirty.

*Cap.* Will you tell me that?  
His son was but a ward two years ago. 44

*Rom.* What lady is that which doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder knight?

*Serv.* I know not, sir.

*Rom.* O! she doth teach the torches to burn  
bright. 48

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, 52  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. 57

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague.  
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What! dares the slave  
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, 60  
To f leer and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

*Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm  
you so? 64

*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;  
A villain that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

*Cap.* Young Romeo, is it?

*Tyb.* 'Tis he, that villain Romeo. 68

*Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone:  
He bears him like a portly gentleman;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth. 72  
I would not for the wealth of all this town  
Here in my house do him disparagement;  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:  
It is my will; the which if thou respect, 76  
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,  
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

*Tyb.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest:  
I'll not endure him.

*Cap.* He shall be endur'd: 80  
What! goodman boy; I say, he shall, go to;  
Am I the master here, or you? go to.  
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!

60 antic: *fantastic*

61 f leer: *sneer* solemnity: *festivity*

70 portly: *dignified*

74 disparagement: *indignity*

81 Goodman: *prefixed to names of persons under the rank of gentlemen; often, as here, contemptuously*



You'll make a mutiny among my guests! 84

You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

*Cap.*

Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy—is't so indeed?—

This trick may chance to scathe you.—I know  
what: 88

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts! You are a princox; go:

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!

I'll make you quiet. What! cheerly, my hearts!

*Tyb.* Patience perforce with wilful choler meet-  
ing 93

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall

Now seeming sweet convert to bitter gall. *Exit.*

*Rom.* [*To Juliet.*] If I profane with my unworthiest  
hand 97

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this;

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too  
much, 101

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss. 104

*Rom.* Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

*Rom.* O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair. 108

85 cock-a-hoop: *all by the ears*

90 Well said: *well done* princox: *pert boy*

93 perforce: *by compulsion* wilful: *eager*

96 convert: *change* 97-110 *Cf. n.*

98 gentle sin; *cf. n.*

104 palmer: *pilgrim, properly one from Palestine bearing a palm leaf*

*Jul.* Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

*Rom.* Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*]

*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they have took. 112

*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd! Give me my sin again.

*Jul.* You kiss by the book.

*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

*Rom.* What is her mother?

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house, 117

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you he that can lay hold of her 120

Shall have the chinks.

*Rom.* Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

*Ben.* Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

*Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone; 125

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good-night. 128

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah! sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

109 move: *propose, instigate*

114 by the book: *according to authority*

122 Cf. n.

126 foolish: *trifling in preparation*

130 fay: *faith*

113 urg'd: *argued to be such*

121 chinks: *money*

banquet: *an after-supper of sweets* towards:

I'll to my rest.

*Exeunt [all except Juliet and Nurse.]*

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?132

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

*Jul.* What's he that now is going out of door?

*Nurse.* Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

*Jul.* What's he, that follows here, that would not dance?136

*Nurse.* I know not.

*Jul.* Go, ask his name.—If he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

*Nurse.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy.141

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,144  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

*Nurse.* What's this, what's this?

*Jul.* A rime I learn'd even now  
Of one I danc'd withal.

*One calls within, 'Juliet!'*

*Nurse.* Anon, anon!—  
Come, let's away; the strangers are all gone.148

*Exeunt.*

## ACT SECOND

## PROLOGUE

[Enter] Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
 And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
 That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,  
 With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.  
 Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again, 5  
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,  
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,  
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful  
 hooks: 8  
 Being held a foe, he may not have access  
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;  
 And she as much in love, her means much less  
 To meet her new-beloved any where: 12  
 But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,  
 Tempering extremity with extreme sweet.  
[Exit.]

## Scene One

[A Lane by the wall of Capulet's Orchard]

*Enter Romeo alone.*

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?  
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.  
 [He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.]

*Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.*

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

6 Alike; i.e., both he and she  
 S. d. Orchard; garden

10 use: are accustomed to  
 2 dull earth; cf. n.

Mer. He is wise;  
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed. 4

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard  
wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.  
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh: 8  
Speak but one rime and I am satisfied;  
Cry but 'Ay me!' couple but 'love' and 'dove';  
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word.  
One nickname for her purblind son and heir, 12  
Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so true  
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.  
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him. 16  
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 20  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle 24  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;  
That were some spite: my invocation  
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name 28  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,  
To be consorted with the humorous night:

6 conjure: *summon by magical phrases*

11 gossip: *friend*

15-16 Cf. n.

28 honest: *decent*

31 consorted: *in company with*

12 purblind: *totally blind*

20 demesnes: *regions*

7 humours: *whims*

13 Abraham; cf. n.

27 spite: *injury*

humorous: *damp*

Blind is his love and best befits the dark. 32

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
 Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit  
 As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.  
 O Romeo! that she were, O! that she were 37  
 An open *et cætera*, thou a poperin pear.  
 Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;  
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep: 40  
 Come, shall we go?

*Ben.* Go, then; for 'tis in vain  
 To seek him here that means not to be found.  
*Exeunt.*

## Scene Two

[*Capulet's Orchard*]

[*Romeo comes forward.*]

*Rom.* He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?  
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!  
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, 4  
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she:  
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green, 8  
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.  
 It is my lady; O! it is my love:  
 O! that she knew she were.

34 medlar: a fruit which looks like a small, brown-skinned apple

36 Cf. n.

38 poperin: variety from Poperinghe, Flanders

39 truckle-bed: little bed 40 field-bed: a large bed; here, the ground

Scene Two; cf. n.

8 vestal: virgin

sick: of a sickly hue

6 maid; cf. n.

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?  
 Her eye discourses; I will answer it. 13  
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes 16  
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars  
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven 20  
 Would through the airy region stream so bright  
 That birds would sing and think it were not night.  
 See! how she leans her cheek upon her hand:  
 O! that I were a glove upon that hand, 24  
 That I might touch that cheek.

*Jul.*

Ay me!

*Rom.*

She speaks:

O! speak again, bright angel; for thou art  
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
 As is a winged messenger of heaven 28  
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him  
 When he bestrides the lazy-puffing clouds,  
 And sails upon the bosom of the air. 32

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;  
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet. 36

*Rom.* [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak  
 at this?

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, 40  
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O! be some other name:  
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
 By any other name would smell as sweet; 44  
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
 Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;  
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee, 48  
 Take all myself.

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word.  
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;  
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*Jul.* What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in  
 night, 52  
 So stumblest on my counsel?

*Rom.* By a name  
 I know not how to tell thee who I am:  
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
 Because it is an enemy to thee: 56  
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words  
 Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:  
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 60

*Rom.* Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and where-  
 fore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,  
 And the place death, considering who thou art,  
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here. 65

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'erperch these  
 walls;  
 For stony limits cannot hold love out,  
 And what love can do that dares love attempt;



Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me. 69

*Jul.* If they do see thee they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet, 72  
And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their  
eyes;

And but thou love me, let them find me here;  
My life were better ended by their hate, 77  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this  
place?

*Rom.* By Love, that first did prompt me to  
inquire; 80

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,  
I should adventure for such merchandise. 84

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny 88

What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay;'

And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries, 92

They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo!

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay, 96

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

78 prorogued: *deferred*

89 compliment: *conventional speech*

97 So: *provided that*

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
 And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light:  
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange. 101  
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
 But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,  
 My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,  
 And not impute this yielding to light love, 105  
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow  
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

*Jul.* O! swear not by the moon, the inconstant  
 moon, 109  
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;  
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, 113  
 Which is the god of my idolatry,  
 And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love—

*Jul.* Well, do not swear. Although I joy in  
 thee, 116

I have no joy of this contract to-night:  
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;  
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
 Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good-night!  
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
 Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest  
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast! 124

*Rom.* O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

*Rom.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it; 128

And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have: 132

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse*] *calls within.*

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu! 136

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit above.*]

*Rom.* O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

[*Enter Juliet, above.*]

*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow, 144

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,

And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

*Nurse.* [*Within.*] Madam! 149

*Jul.* I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,  
I do beseech thee,—

*Nurse.* [*Within.*] Madam!

*Jul.* By and by; I come:—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief: 152

To-morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my soul,—

*Jul.* A thousand times good-night! *Exit.*

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books; 156

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring.*]

*Enter Juliet again.*

*Jul.* Hist! Romeo, hist! O! for a falconer's voice,  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again.

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud, 160

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

*Rom.* It is my soul that calls upon my name:  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, 165  
Like softest music to attending ears!

*Jul.* Romeo!

*Rom.* My dear!

*Jul.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

*Rom.* By the hour of nine. 168

*Jul.* I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*Jul.* I shall forget, to have thee still stand  
there, 172

Remembering how I love thy company.

*Rom.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee  
gone; 176

And yet no further than a wanton's bird,  
That lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again, 180  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would I were thy bird.

*Jul.* Sweet, so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet  
sorrow 184

That I shall say good-night till it be morrow. *Exit.*

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy  
breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell, 188  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. *Exit.*

### Scene Three

[*Friar Laurence's Cell*]

*Enter Friar alone, with a basket.*

*Fri. L.* The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning  
night,  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:  
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye 5

179 gyves: *fetters*

189 dear hap: *good fortune*

4 Titan's: *the sun-god's*

188 ghostly: *spiritual*

3 flecked: *dappled*

The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,  
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours  
 With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.  
 The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb; 9  
 What is her burying grave that is her womb,  
 And from her womb children of divers kind  
 We sucking on her natural bosom find, 12  
 Many for many virtues excellent,  
 None but for some, and yet all different.  
 O! mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities: 16  
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
 But to the earth some special good doth give,  
 Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse: 20  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.

*Enter Romeo.*

Within the infant rind of this weak flower  
 Poison hath residence and medicine power: 24  
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each  
 part;  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
 In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will; 28  
 And where the worser is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Rom.* Good morrow, father!

*Fri. L.*

*Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? 32  
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head

7 osier cage: willow basket

28 grace: the grace of God

31 Benedicite: God bless you

33 distemper'd: mentally or morally deranged

15 mickle: great      grace: efficacy

30 canker: parasitic worm

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie; 36  
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain  
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:  
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure  
 Thou art up-rous'd with some distemperature; 40  
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,  
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri. L.* God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?  
 line? 44

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*Fri. L.* That's my good son: but where hast thou  
 been, then?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
 I have been feasting with mine enemy, 49  
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,  
 That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
 Within thy help and holy physic lies: 52  
 I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo!  
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri. L.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;  
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift. 56

*Rom.* Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set  
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine 60  
 By holy marriage: when and where and how  
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,  
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
 That thou consent to marry us to-day. 64

37 unstuff'd: *not overcharged*

54 steads: *benefits*

55 homely: *plain*

52 physic: *healing art*

56 shrift: *absolution*

*Fri. L.* Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here;  
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. 68

*Jesu Maria!* what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline;  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste! 72  
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans yet ring in my ancient ears;  
Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet. 76

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:  
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then:  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men. 80

*Rom.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*Fri. L.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Fri. L.* Not in a grave,  
To lay one in, another out to have. 84

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide me not; her I love now  
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;  
The other did not so.

*Fri. L.* O! she knew well  
Thy love did read by rote that could not spell. 88  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

*Rom.* O! let us hence; I stand on sudden haste. 93

*Fri. L.* Wisely and slow; they stumble that run  
fast. *Exeunt.*



Scene Four

[A Street]

*Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

*Mer.* Where the devil should this Romeo be?  
Came he not home to-night?

*Ben.* Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

*Mer.* Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that  
Rosaline, 4

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life. 8

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any man that can write may answer a letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master,  
how he dares, being dared. 12

*Mer.* Alas! poor Romeo, he is already dead;  
stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run  
through the ear with a love-song; the very pin  
of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's  
butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter  
Tybalt?

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt? 19

*Mer.* More than prince of cats, I can tell you.  
O! he is the courageous captain of compliments.  
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time,  
distance, and proportion; rests me his minim  
rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the

12 dared: *defied*

15 pin: *peg in the centre of a target*

17 butt-shaft: *unbarbed arrow used in shooting at targets*

20 prince of cats; *cf. n.*

21 captain of compliments: *chief observer of formal ceremonies*

22 prick-song: *a part written out, not improvised*

23 proportion: *rhythm*      minim: *half measure (in music)*

very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah! the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay! 28

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—'By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man! a very good whore.'—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*! 38

*Enter Romeo.*

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rime her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

25 silk button; *cf. n.*

26 house: school of fencing

27 cause: formal reason for a duel (?)

28 passado . . . hay: technical fencing terms: forward thrust, back-handed thrust, home thrust

30 the pox of: 'plague take'

31 fantasticoes: absurd persons accents: language

32 tall: valiant 34 grandsire; *cf. n.*

35 flies: worthless persons

36 pardonnez-mois; *cf. n.* 40 roe; *cf. n.*

41 flesh: human nature

42 Petrarch; *cf. n.*

46 hildings: baggages

49 slop: loose breeches counterfeit: counterfeit coins were called slips

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you? 52

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy. 57

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to curtsy. 60

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower. 64

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then, is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Sure wit! Follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out the pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest! solely singular for the singleness. 72

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match. 76

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose? 81

53 conceive: *understand*

61 kindly: *aptly*

66 well flowered; *cf. n.*

69 sole: *here, also, 'soul'*

70 sole singular: *all alone*

71 single-soled: *contemptible, threadbare*

72 singleness: *triviality*

75 Switch and spurs: *arouse your wits*

76 cry a match: *say you are beaten (?)*

77 wild-goose chase; *cf. n.*

*Rom.* Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not here for the goose.

*Mer.* I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good goose, bite not. 85

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

*Rom.* And is it not then well served in to a sweet goose? 89

*Mer.* O! here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

*Rom.* I stretch it out for that word 'broad;' which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose. 94

*Mer.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole. 100

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

*Ben.* Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large. 105

*Mer.* O! thou art deceived; I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer. 109

*Rom.* Here's goodly gear!

*Enter Nurse and her man [Peter].*

A sail, a sail!

86 sweeting: *kind of apple*

94 broad: *evident*

100 bauble: *stick carried by a court fool*

103 against the hair: *against the grain*

90 cheveril: *kid leather*

99 natural: *idiot*

110 gear: *business*

*Mer.* Two, two; a shirt and a smock. 112

*Nurse.* Peter!

*Peter.* Anon!

*Nurse.* My fan, Peter.

*Mer.* Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face. 117

*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Is it good den? 120

*Mer.* 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

*Nurse.* Out upon you! what a man are you!

*Rom.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar. 125

*Nurse.* By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a'?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

*Rom.* I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse. 132

*Nurse.* You say well.

*Mer.* Yea! is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

*Nurse.* If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you. 137

*Ben.* She will indite him to some supper.

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

*Rom.* What hast thou found? 140

*Mer.* No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a

122 prick: *point*

136 confidence: *misused for 'conference'*

138 indite: *consciously misused for 'invite'*

141 hare: *also slang for 'courtesan'*

126 By my troth: *upon my word*

lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere  
it be spent. *He walks by them and sings.*

'An old hare hoar,  
And an old hare hoar, 144  
Is very good meat in Lent:  
But a hare that is hoar,  
Is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent.'

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to  
dinner thither. 149

*Rom.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,  
'Lady, lady, lady.' 152

*Exeunt Benvolio and Mercutio.*

*Nurse.* Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir,  
what saucy merchant was this, that was so full  
of his ropery?

*Rom.* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear  
himself talk, and will speak more in a minute  
than he will stand to in a month. 158

*Nurse.* An a' speak anything against me, I'll  
take him down, an a' were lustier than he is,  
and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find  
those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of  
his flirt-gills; I am none of his skeins-mates.

*She turns to Peter, her man.*

And thou must stand by too, and suffer every  
knave to use me at his pleasure! 165

*Pet.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure;  
if I had, my weapon should quickly have been

142 hoar: mouldy

152 Lady; cf. n.

155 ropery: knavery

163 flirt-gills: loose women  
grace (?)

143 spent: consumed

154 merchant: fellow

161 Jacks: ill-mannered fellows  
skeins-mates: companions to a scape-

out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. 170

*Nurse.* Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out; what she bid me say I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 182

*Rom.* Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

*Nurse.* Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman. 187

*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

*Nurse.* I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer. 192

*Rom.* Bid her devise

Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;  
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell,  
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No, truly, sir; not a penny. 197

*Rom.* Go to; I say, you shall.

*Nurse.* This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there. 200

*Rom.* And stay, good nurse; behind the abbey wall:  
 Within this hour my man shall be with thee,  
 And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;  
 Which to the high top-gallant of my joy 204  
 Must be my convoy in the secret night.  
 Farewell! Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.  
 Farewell! Commend me to thy mistress.

*Nurse.* Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you,  
 sir. 208

*Rom.* What sayst thou, my dear nurse?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear  
 say,

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

*Rom.* I warrant thee my man's as true as steel. 212

*Nurse.* Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest  
 lady—Lord, Lord!—when 'twas a little prating  
 thing,—O! there's a nobleman in town, one  
 Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but  
 she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very  
 toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and  
 tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll  
 warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as  
 any clout in the versal world. Doth not rose-  
 mary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

*Rom.* Ay, nurse: what of that? both with  
 an R. 224

*Nurse.* Ah! mocker; that's the dog's name.  
 R is for the—No; I know it begins with some  
 other letter: and she had the prettiest senten-  
 tious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would  
 do you good to hear it. 229

203 tackled stair: *rope-ladder*

205 convoy: *means of going*

210 secret: *trustworthy*

221 clout: *rag* versal: *universal*

225 dog's name; *cf. n.*

204 top-gallant: *summit*

206 quit: *requite*

219 properer: *handsomer*

222 a: *the same*

227 sententious: *for sentences*



*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady.

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*]

Peter!

232

*Pet.* Anon!

*Nurse.* Before, and apace.

*Exeunt Nurse and Peter.*

Scene Five

[*Capulet's Garden*]

*Enter Juliet.*

*Jul.* The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.

O! she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts, 4

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill 9

Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours, yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood, 12

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead; 16

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse [and Peter.]*

O God! she comes. O honey nurse! what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

4 heralds: *messengers*

14 bandy: *send (as a ball in tennis)*

7 Love: *Venus*

16 as: *as if*

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter.]

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse; O Lord, why look'st thou sad? 21

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face. 24

*Nurse.* I am aweary, give me leave awhile:  
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had!

*Jul.* I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.  
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse,  
speak. 28

*Nurse.* Jesu! what haste? can you not stay awhile?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath when thou hast  
breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath? 32  
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;  
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance: 36  
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice;  
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo!  
no, not he; though his face be better than any  
man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a  
hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be  
not to be talked on, yet they are past compare.  
He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant  
him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench;  
serve God. What! have you dined at home?

*Jul.* No, no: but all this did I know before.  
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

*Nurse.* Lord! how my head aches; what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t'other side; O! my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about, 52

To catch my death with jauncing up and down.

*Jul.* I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

*Nurse.* Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

*Jul.* Where is my mother! why, she is within; 60

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:

'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,

Where is your mother?'

*Nurse.*

O! God's lady dear,

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow; 64

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day? 68

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell, There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. 73

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark;

52 beshrew: *ill luck to*  
67 coil: *fuss*

64 Marry, come up: *expression of disgust*  
70 hie: *hasten*

I am the drudge and toil in your delight, 77  
 But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
 Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

*Exeunt.*

Scene Six

[*Friar Laurence's Cell*]

*Enter Friar and Romeo.*

*Fri. L.* So smile the heaven upon this holy act,  
 That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.* Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,  
 It cannot countervail the exchange of joy 4  
 That one short minute gives me in her sight:  
 Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
 Then love-devouring death do what he dares;  
 It is enough I may but call her mine. 8

*Fri. L.* These violent delights have violent ends,  
 And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
 Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest honey  
 Is loathsome in his own deliciousness 12  
 And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
 Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;  
 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter Juliet.*

Here comes the lady: O! so light a foot 16  
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:  
 A lover may bestride the gossamer  
 That idles in the wanton summer air,  
 And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

4 countervail: *equal*  
 18 gossamer: *spider's thread*

13 confounds: *destroys*  
 20 vanity: *vain delight*

*Fri. L.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

*Rom.* Ah! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more 25  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both 28  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their worth; 32  
But my true love is grown to such excess  
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

*Fri. L.* Come, come with me, and we will make  
short work;  
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone 36  
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

*Exeunt.*

### ACT THIRD

#### Scene One

[*A Public Place*]

*Mercutio, Benvolio, and men.*

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring. 4

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows that  
when he enters the confines of a tavern claps  
me his sword upon the table and says, 'God

send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws him on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow? 11

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

*Ben.* And what to? 15

*Mer.* Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling! 33

*Ben.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter. 36

*Mer.* The fee-simple! O simple!

*Enter Tybalt and others.*

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them.  
Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us?  
Couple it with something; make it a word and  
a blow. 44

*Tyb.* You shall find me apt enough to that,  
sir, an you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving? 48

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

*Mer.* Consort! What! dost thou make us  
minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look  
to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-  
stick; here's that shall make you dance.  
'Zounds! consort!

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men:  
Either withdraw unto some private place, 56  
Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them  
gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I. 60

*Enter Romeo.*

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes  
my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship in that sense may call him 'man.'

*Tyb.* Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford  
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

50 consort: with a play on the meaning, 'harmonious music'

54 'Zounds: oath, contracted from 'God's wounds'

63 field: battle

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage 68  
 To such a greeting; villain am I none,  
 Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
 That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw. 72

*Rom.* I do protest I never injur'd thee,  
 But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
 And so, good Capulet, which name I tender 76  
 As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
*Alla stoccata* carries it away. [Draws.]  
 Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk? 80

*Tyb.* What wouldst thou have with me?

*Mer.* Good king of cats, nothing but one of  
 your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal,  
 and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the  
 rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword  
 out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest  
 mine be about your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* [Drawing.] I am for you. 88

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.]

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.  
 Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage! 92  
 Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath  
 Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.  
 Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

74 devise: *think*

79 *Alla stoccata*: with the thrust, i.e., the blusterer

84 dry-beat: *thrash*

86 pilcher: *scabbard* (of leather) ears: *hilt*

94 bandying: *fighting*

76 tender: *regard*



*Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio in and flies.*

*Mer.* I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped. 96

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.* What! art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much. 100

*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm. 109

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me: I have it, 113 And soundly too:—your houses!

*Exit [Mercutio with Benvolio].*

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt 116 In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet! Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, 120 And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

*Enter Benvolio.*

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's dead;  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days doth  
depend; 125  
This but begins the woe others must end.

*Enter Tybalt.*

*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*Rom.* Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!  
Away to heaven, respective lenity, 129  
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!  
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again  
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads, 133  
Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*Tyb.* Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him  
here, 136  
Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shall determine that.

*They fight. Tybalt falls.*

*Ben.* Romeo, away! be gone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.  
Stand not amaz'd: the prince will doom thee death 140  
If thou art taken: hence! be gone! away!

*Rom.* O! I am Fortune's fool.

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay?  
*Exit Romeo.*

*Enter Citizens.*

*First Cit.* Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he? 144

125 depend; cf. n.  
130 conduct: guide

129 respective: considerate  
140 doom: condemn to  
142 fool: dupe

*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.

*First Cit.*

Up, sir, go with me.

I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wives,  
and all.*

*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

*Ben.* O noble prince! I can discover all 148

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

*Lady Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's  
child! 152

O prince! O cousin! husband! O! the blood is spill'd

Of my dear kinsman. Prince, as thou art true,

For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin! 156

*Prin.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did  
slay:

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink

How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal 160

Your high displeasure: all this, uttered

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts 164

With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats

Cold death aside, and with the other sends 168

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,

149 manage: *conduct* 159 spoke him fair: *addressed him courteously*  
160 nice: *trivial* 163 take truce: *make peace* spleen: *fiery temper*  
164 tilts: *thrusts* 170 Retorts: *throws back*

'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and, swifter than his  
tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points, 172

And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm

An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life

Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;

But by and by comes back to Romeo, 176

Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,

And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I

Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,

And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly. 180

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

*Lady Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Montague;

Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife

And all those twenty could but kill one life. 185

I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

*Prin.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;

Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

*Mon.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend,

His fault concludes but what the law should end,

The life of Tybalt.

*Prin.* And for that offence 192

Immediately we do exile him hence:

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,

My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine 196

That you shall all repent the loss of mine.

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;

Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses;

177 entertain'd: *taken into mind*

194 hate's; *cf. n.*

196 amerce: *punish*

Therefore use none; let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. 201  
Bear hence this body and attend our will:  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

*Exeunt.*

Scene Two

[*Capulet's Orchard*]

*Enter Juliet alone.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a waggoner  
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately. 4  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen!  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites 8  
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
And learn me how to lose a winning match, 12  
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,  
Think true love acted simple modesty. 16  
Come, night! come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,

1 fiery-footed steeds; *cf. n.*

6 runaways' eyes; *cf. n.*      wink: close in sleep, or, fail to see

10 civil: grave, sober

14 Hood: blindfold      unmann'd: untamed      bating: fluttering; *cf. n.*

16 true love acted: the rites of true love

Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
 That all the world will be in love with night, 24  
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.  
 O! I have bought the mansion of a love,  
 But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,  
 Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day 28  
 As is the night before some festival  
 To an impatient child that hath new robes  
 And may not wear them. O! here comes my nurse,

*Enter Nurse, with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks 32  
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.  
 Now nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the  
 cords

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

*Nurse.*

Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throws them down.*]

*Jul.* Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy  
 hands? 36

*Nurse.* Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's  
 dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!  
 Alack the day! he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious?

*Nurse.*

Romeo can, 40

Though heaven cannot. O! Romeo, Romeo;  
 Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

*Jul.* What devil art thou that dost torment me thus?  
 This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell. 44  
 Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I,'  
 And that bare vowel, 'I,' shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:  
 I am not I, if there be such an 'I'; 48  
 Or those eyes shut that make thee answer 'I.'  
 If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not 'no.'  
 Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine  
 eyes, 52  
 God save the mark! here on his manly breast:  
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,  
 All in gore blood; I swounded at the sight. 56

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at  
 once!

To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!  
 Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;  
 And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had:  
 O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary? 64  
 Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?  
 My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?  
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
 For who is living if those two are gone? 68

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
 Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's  
 blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did. 72

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

47 cockatrice: basilisk, fabulous reptile said to kill by its glance  
 53 mark; cf. n. 54 corse: corpse 56 gore: clotted  
 59 Vile earth: wretched body resign: yield  
 67 general doom: the Day of Judgment 73 flowering: like a flower

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
 Dove-feather'd raven! wolvis-ravens lamb!  
 Despised substance of divinest show! 77  
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;  
 A damned saint, an honourable villain!  
 O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell 80  
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?  
 Was ever book containing such vile matter  
 So fairly bound? O! that deceit should dwell  
 In such a gorgeous palace.

*Nurse.* There's no trust, 85  
 No faith, no honesty in men; all naught,  
 All perjur'd, all dissemblers, all forsworn.  
 Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*: 88  
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
 Shame come to Romeo!

*Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue  
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit; 92  
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
 O! what a beast was I to chide at him.

*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that kill'd your  
 cousin? 96

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
 Ah! poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?  
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? 100  
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;  
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy. 104



My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?  
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death, 108  
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;  
But O! it presses to my memory,  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.  
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished!' 112  
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:  
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship, 116  
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,  
Why follow'd not, when she said 'Tybalt's dead,'  
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both, 119  
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?  
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,  
'Romeo is banished!' to speak that word  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead: 'Romeo is banished!' 124  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound  
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—  
Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

*Nurse.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's  
corse: 128

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

*Jul.* Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall  
be spent,  
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are  
beguil'd, 132

117 needly: necessarily  
120 modern: commonplace

be rank'd: stand in line  
121 rearward: rear guard; cf. n.

Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd:  
 He made you for a highway to my bed,  
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
 Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding  
 bed; 136

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

*Nurse.* Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo  
 To comfort you: I wot well where he is.  
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here to-night: 140  
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

*Jul.* O! find him; give this ring to my true knight,  
 And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt.*

### Scene Three

[*Friar Laurence's Cell*]

*Enter Friar.*

*Fri. L.* Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful  
 man:  
 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the prince's  
 doom? 4  
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
 That I yet know not?

*Fri. L.* Too familiar  
 Is my dear son with such sour company:  
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom. 8

*Rom.* What less than doomsday is the prince's  
 doom?

*Fri. L.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha! banishment! be merciful, say 'death;' 12  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

*Fri. L.* Here from Verona art thou banished.  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. 16

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death; then 'banished,' 20  
Is death mis-term'd. Calling death 'banished,'  
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri. L.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince, 25  
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not. 28

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven and may look on her; 32  
But Romeo may not: more validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand, 36  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not; he is banished. 40  
This may flies do, when I from this must fly:

10 vanish'd: *issued*  
33 validity: *value*

26 rush'd: *brushed*

28 dear: *valuable, unusual*  
34 courtship: *both 'courtliness' and 'wooing'*

They are free men, but I am banished.  
 And sayst thou yet that exile is not death?  
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, 44  
 But 'banished' to kill me? 'Banished!'  
 O friar! the damned use that word in hell;  
 Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,  
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, 48  
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
 To mangle me with that word 'banished?'

*Fri. L.* Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

*Rom.* O! thou wilt speak again of banishment. 52

*Fri. L.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;  
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet 'banished!' Hang up philosophy!  
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, 57  
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
 It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

*Fri. L.* O! then I see that madmen have no ears. 60

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men have  
 no eyes?

*Fri. L.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not  
 feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, 64  
 An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
 Doting like me, and like me banished,  
 Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy  
 hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now, 68

44 mean: *means*

62 dispute: *discuss*

so mean: *so base*

estate: *condition*

51 fond: *foolish*

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Nurse knocks.*

*Fri. L.* Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thyself.

*Rom.* Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. 72

*Knock.*

*Fri. L.* Hark! how they knock. Who's there?

Romeo arise;

Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up;

*Knock.*

Run to my study. By and by! God's will!

What simpleness is this! I come, I come! 76

*Knock.*

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

*Nurse.* [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:

I come from Lady Juliet.

*Fri. L.* Welcome, then.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O holy friar! O! tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo? 81

*Fri. L.* There on the ground, with his own tears  
made drunk.

*Nurse.* O! he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case! O woeful sympathy! 84

Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;

Why should you fall into so deep an O? 89

*Rom.* Nurse!

*Nurse.* Ah, sir! ah, sir! Well, death's the end of all.

*Rom.* Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her? 92

Doth she not think me an old murderer,

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy

With blood remov'd but little from her own?

Where is she? and how doth she? and what says 96

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

*Nurse.* O! she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,

And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries, 100

And then down falls again.

*Rom.* As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,

Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand

Murder'd her kinsman. O! tell me, friar, tell me, 104

In what vile part of this anatomy

Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack

The hateful mansion.

*He offers to stab himself, and Nurse snatches the dagger away.*

*Fri. L.* Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:

Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

The unreasonable fury of a beast:

Unseemly woman in a seeming man;

And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both! 112

Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?

And slay thy lady that in thy life lives, 116  
By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose. 120  
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,  
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed  
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit. 124  
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valour of a man;  
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to  
cherish; 128  
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,  
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance, 132  
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.  
What! rouse thee, man; thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too: 137  
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend,  
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
A pack of blessings light upon thy back; 140  
Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,  
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. 144  
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;

But look thou stay not till the watch be set,  
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua; 148  
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. 153  
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto: 156  
 Romeo is coming.

*Nurse.* O Lord! I could have stay'd here all the  
 night

To hear good counsel: O! what learning is.  
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come. 160

*Rom.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*Nurse offers to go in, and turns again.*

*Nurse.* Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.  
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*]

*Rom.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this! 164

*Fri. L.* Go hence; good-night; and here stands all  
 your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,  
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:  
 Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man, 168  
 And he shall signify from time to time  
 Every good hap to you that chances here.  
 Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good-night.

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
 It were a grief so brief to part with thee: 173  
 Farewell. *Exeunt.*

147 watch: guard    150 blaze: make public    156 apt unto: ready for  
 165 stands all your state: all your fortune depends  
 173 so brief: in such rude haste



Scene Four

[*A Room in Capulet's House*]

*Enter old Capulet, his Wife, and Paris.*

*Cap.* Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:  
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I: well, we were born to die. 4  
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:  
I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

*Par.* These times of woe afford no times to woo. 8  
Madam, good-night: commend me to your daughter.

*Lady Cap.* I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;  
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

*Paris offers to go in, and Capulet calls him again.*

*Cap.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender 12  
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.  
Wife go you to her ere you go to bed;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love; 16  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
But, soft! what day is this?

*Par.* Monday, my lord.

*Cap.* Monday, ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon;  
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her, 20  
She shall be married to this noble earl.  
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
We'll keep no great ado; a friend or two;  
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, 24

2 move; *propose anything to*

11 mew'd: *shut* heaviness: *grief*  
12 desperate: *reckless* tender: *offer*

6 promise: *assure*

It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much.  
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday? 28

*Par.* My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.  
 Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. 32  
 Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!  
 Afore me! it is so very late, that we  
 May call it early by and by. Good-night. *Exeunt.*

### Scene Five

[*Capulet's Orchard*]

*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*

*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:  
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree: 4  
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east: 8  
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:  
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:  
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales, 13  
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:

25 held: *regarded*

34 Afore me: *God before me*

32 against: *in expectation of*  
 8 lace: *stripe*

Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death; 17  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

I have more care to stay than will to go:  
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so. 24

How is 't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is; hie hence, be gone away!  
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
Some say the lark makes sweet division; 29

This doth not so, for she divideth us:  
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;  
O! now I would they had chang'd voices too, 32

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.  
O! now be gone; more light and light it grows.

*Rom.* More light and light; more dark and dark  
our woes. 36

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Madam!

*Jul.* Nurse!

*Nurse.* Your lady mother is coming to your  
chamber: 39

The day is broke; be wary, look about. [Exit.]

*Jul.* Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

*Rom.* Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.  
*He goeth down.*

20 Cynthia's: *Diana's, i.e., the moon's*

23 care: *desire*

28 Straining: *forcing out* sharps: *high notes*

29 division: *rapid, florid melody*

31 change eyes; *cf. n.*

33 affray: *frighten*

34 hunts-up: *early morning song to awaken huntsmen*

*Jul.* Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay, husband,  
friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour, 44  
For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years  
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

*Rom.* Farewell! 48

I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

*Jul.* O! think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

*Rom.* I doubt it not; and all these woes shall  
serve 52

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*Jul.* O God! I have an ill-divining soul:  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb: 56  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*Rom.* And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! *Exit.*

*Jul.* O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: 60  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back. 64

*Lady Cap.* [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

*Jul.* Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?  
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

*Enter Mother.*

*Lady Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet!

*Jul.* Madam, I am not well. 69

54 ill-divining: *foreboding evil*

59 Dry sorrow; *cf. n.*

67 down: *in bed*

68 procures: *brings*

*Lady Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?  
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him  
live; 72

Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;  
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

*Jul.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*Lady Cap.* So shall you feel the loss, but not the  
friend 76

Which you weep for.

*Jul.* Feeling so the loss,  
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

*Lady Cap.* Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for  
his death,  
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

*Jul.* What villain, madam?

*Lady Cap.* That same villain, Romeo.

*Jul.* [*Aside.*] Villain and he be many miles  
asunder. 82

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;  
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

*Lady Cap.* That is because the traitor murderer  
lives. 85

*Jul.* Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.  
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

*Lady Cap.* We will have vengeance for it, fear  
thou not: 88

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company: 92  
 And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

*Jul.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
 With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—  
 Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd: 96  
 Madam, if you could find out but a man  
 To bear a poison, I would temper it,  
 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
 Soon sleep in quiet. O! how my heart abhors  
 To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,  
 To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt  
 Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

*Lady Cap.* Find thou the means, and I'll find such  
 a man. 104

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needy time:  
 What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

*Lady Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father,  
 child; 108

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy  
 That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

*Lady Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday  
 morn 113

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
 The County Paris, at Saint Peter's church,  
 Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride. 116

*Jul.* Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,  
 He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
 I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
 Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.

95 dead; *cf. n.*      98 temper: *compound*      106 needy: *wretched*  
 110 sorted out: *contrived*      112 in happy time: *à propos, pray tell me*

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, 121  
 I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,  
 It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
 Rather than Paris. These are news indeed! 124

*Lady Cap.* Here comes your father; tell him so  
 yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter Capulet and Nurse.*

*Cap.* When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;  
 But for the sunset of my brother's son 128  
 It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in tears?  
 Evermore showering? In one little body  
 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind; 132

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;  
 Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them, 136  
 Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!  
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*Lady Cap.* Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives  
 you thanks. 140

I would the fool were married to her grave!

*Cap.* Soft! take me with you, take me with you,  
 wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
 Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,  
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought 145  
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you  
 have:

130 conduit: water-pipe, often in the form of a human figure

137 Without . . . calm: unless a calm sets in 140 will none: rejects it

142 take me with you: let me understand you 145 wrought: induced

Proud can I never be of what I hate; 148  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now! how now, chopt-logic! What is this?

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not;'  
And yet 'not proud;' mistress minion, you, 152  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. 156  
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
You tallow face!

*Lady Cap.* Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 160

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient  
wretch!

I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face.  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me; 164  
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd  
That God had lent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her. 168  
Out on her, hilding!

*Nurse.* God in heaven bless her!  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom? hold your  
tongue, 171  
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

150 chopt-logic: *contentious, sophistical argument*

152 minion: *saucy person*

156 hurdle: *a rude sledge for conveying criminals*

157 green-sickness: *kind of anemia*

170 rate: *scold*

154 fettle: *prepare*

172 smatter: *chatter*



Cap. O! God ye good den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool;  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;  
For here we need it not.

Lady Cap. You are too hot. 176

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd; and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage, 181  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man; 184  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer 'I'll not wed,' 'I cannot love,'  
'I am too young,' 'I pray you, pardon me;' 188  
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:  
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise. 192  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good. 196  
Trust to 't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. *Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
O! sweet my mother, cast me not away: 200

175 gravity: *serious words*

177 God's bread: *sacramental bread, the Host* 182 demesnes: *estates*

183 stuff'd . . . with: *full of*

186 mammet: *doll* fortune's tender: *moment when good fortune offers itself*

192 advise: *consider*

197 forsworn: *perjured*

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*Lady Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a  
word. 204

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *Exit.*

*Jul.* O God! O nurse! how shall this be prevented?  
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
How shall that faith return again to earth, 208  
Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.  
Alack, alack! that heaven should practise stratagems  
Upon so soft a subject as myself! 212  
What sayst thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
Some comfort, nurse?

*Nurse.* Faith, here it is. Romeo  
Is banished; and all the world to nothing  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth. 217  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the county.  
O! he's a lovely gentleman; 220  
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match, 224  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,  
As living here and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nurse.* And from my soul, too; 228  
Or else beshrew them both.

207 faith: *pledged fidelity*

211 practise stratagems: *perform deeds of violence*

216 challenge: *lay claim to*

222 green; *cf. n.*

*Jul.*

Amen!

*Nurse.*

What!

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
To make confession and to be absolv'd. 233

*Nurse.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

*Exit.*

*Juliet looks after Nurse.*

*Jul.* Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn, 236  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.  
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy: 241  
If all else fail, myself have power to die. *Exit.*

## ACT FOURTH

### Scene One

[*Friar Laurence's Cell*]

*Enter Friar and County Paris.*

*Fri. L.* On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

*Fri. L.* You say you do not know the lady's  
mind: 4

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

3 to slack: i.e., so as to slack

5 Uneven: not straightforward

course: method of procedure

*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
 And therefore have I little talk of love;  
 For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. 8  
 Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous  
 That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,  
 And in his wisdom hastes our marriage  
 To stop the inundation of her tears; 12  
 Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
 May be put from her by society.  
 Now do you know the reason of this haste.

*Fri. L.* [*Aside.*] I would I knew not why it should  
 be slow'd. 16  
 Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter Juliet.*

*Par.* Happily met, my lady, and my wife!  
*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.  
*Par.* That may be must be, love, on Thursday  
 next. 20  
*Jul.* What must be shall be.  
*Fri. L.* That's a certain text.  
*Par.* Come you to make confession to this father?  
*Jul.* To answer that, I should confess to you.  
*Par.* Do not deny to him that you love me.  
*Jul.* I will confess to you that I love him. 25  
*Par.* So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.  
*Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,  
 Being spoke behind your back, than to your face. 28  
*Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.  
*Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that;  
 For it was bad enough before their spite.  
*Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that  
 report. 32

*Jul.* That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own. 36

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

*Fri. L.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,  
now:

My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40

*Par.* God shield, I should disturb devotion!  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:  
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. *Exit Paris.*

*Jul.* O! shut the door! and when thou hast done  
so, 44

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

*Fri. L.* Ah! Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits:  
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this county. 49

*Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:  
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help, 52  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd, 56  
Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time, 60  
Give me some present counsel; or behold,  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

38 evening mass; cf. n.      40 entreat: ask to have      41 shield: forbid  
47 Cf. n.      57 label: seal appended to a document  
62 extremes: extreme difficulties, utter distress

Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
 Which the commission of thy years and art 64  
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fri. L.* Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of  
 hope, 68

Which craves as desperate an execution  
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
 If, rather than to marry County Paris,  
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself, 72  
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
 That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it;  
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy. 76

*Jul.* O! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
 From off the battlements of any tower;  
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears; 80  
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,  
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;  
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave 84  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;  
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love. 88

*Fri. L.* Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent  
 To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:  
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:

64 commission: authority    74 chide: drive    75 cop'st: encounterest

79 thievish: infested with robbers

81 charnel-house: place where the dead are laid

83 reeky: full of rank moisture    chapless: lacking the lower jaw

Take thou this vial, being then in bed, 93  
 And this distilling liquor drink thou off;  
 When presently through all thy veins shall run  
 A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse 96  
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;  
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;  
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
 To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall, 100  
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death;  
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
 Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours, 105  
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
 Then—as the manner of our country is— 109  
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,  
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault  
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie. 112  
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,  
 And hither shall he come; and he and I  
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night 116  
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;  
 If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
 Abate thy valour in the acting it. 120

*Jul.* Give me, give me. O! tell me not of fear!

*Fri. L.* Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed

96 drowsy: *sleep inducing*      humour: *fluid*

97 native progress: *natural motion*      surcease: *cease*

104 borrow'd: *counterfeit*      119 toy: *whim*      122 Hold: *Here, take it*

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord. 124

*Jul.* Love, give me strength! and strength shall  
help afford.

Farewell, dear father! *Exeunt.*

## Scene Two

[*Hall in Capulet's House*]

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Serving-  
men, two or three.*

*Cap.* So many guests invite as here are writ.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Sirrah*, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

*Sec. Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for  
I'll try if they can lick their fingers. 4

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so?

*Sec. Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that  
cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that  
cannot lick his fingers goes not with me. 8

*Cap.* Go, be gone. [*Exit Second Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

What! is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

*Nurse.* Ay, forsooth. 12

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do some good on her:  
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Nurse.* See where she comes from shrift with merry  
look. 16

*Enter Juliet.*

*Cap.* How now, my headstrong! where have you  
been gadding?

*Jul.* Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition

10 unfurnish'd: *unprepared*

14 peevish: *perverse* harlotry: *silly wench*



To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd 20  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,  
To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

*She kneels down.*

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this: 24  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;  
And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty. 28

Cap. Why, I'm glad on 't; this is well: stand up:  
This is as 't should be. Let me see the county;  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.  
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar, 32  
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow? 36

Lady Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time  
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her. We'll to church  
to-morrow. *Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

Lady Cap. We shall be short in our provision:  
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about, 40  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:  
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;  
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;  
I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!  
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself 45  
To County Paris, to prepare him up

27 becomed: *befitting*

34 closet: *chamber*

35 sort: *select*

33 bound: *under obligation*

36 furnish: *dress, adorn*

Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,  
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. 48

*Exeunt Father and Mother.*

Scene Three

[*Juliet's Chamber*]

*Enter Juliet and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,  
 I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;  
 For I have need of many orisons  
 To move the heavens to smile upon my state, 4  
 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

*Enter Mother.*

*Lady Cap.* What! are you busy, ho? need you my  
 help?

*Jul.* No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities  
 As are behoveful for our state to-morrow: 8  
 So please you, let me now be left alone,  
 And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
 For, I am sure, you have your hands full all  
 In this so sudden business.

*Lady Cap.* Good-night: 12  
 Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

*Exeunt [Mother and Nurse].*

*Jul.* Farewell! God knows when we shall meet  
 again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
 That almost freezes up the heat of life: 16  
 I'll call them back again to comfort me:  
 Nurse! What should she do here?

3 orisons: *prayers*

8 state: *appearance befitting rank*

5 cross: *perverse*

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

20

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no; this shall forbid it: lie thou there.

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

24

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

28

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

I will not entertain so bad a thought.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

32

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

37

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

40

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,

44

At some hours in the night spirits resort;—

Alack, alack! is it not like that I,

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,

48

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad:

25 minister'd: *supplied*

29 tried: *proved*

30 Cf. n.

33 redeem: *save* 40 As: *namely*

43 green in earth: *freshly buried*

48 mandrakes'; cf. n.

O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
 Environed with all these hideous fears,  
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints, 52  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost 56  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
 Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!  
 Romeo, I come! This do I drink to thee.

*She falls upon her bed within the curtains.*

#### Scene Four

*[Hall in Capulet's House]*

*Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.*

*Lady Cap.* Hold, take these keys, and fetch more  
 spices, nurse.

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces in the  
 pastry.

*Enter old Capulet.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath  
 crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock: 4

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:

Spare not for cost.

*Nurse.* Go, you cot-quean, go;  
 Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow

For this night's watching. 8

59 Cf. n.

4 curfew bell; cf. n.

6 cot-quean: 'servant-wench'; used derisively of the meddling Capulet

8 watching: being awake

2 pastry: room where pastry is made

5 bak'd meats: meat-pies

Cap. No, not a whit; what! I have watch'd ere  
now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Lady Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your  
time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

*Exeunt Lady and Nurse.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

*Enter three or four, with spits, and logs,  
and baskets.*

Now, fellow, 13

What's there?

First Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know  
not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit first Serving-  
man.*] Sirrah, fetch drier logs: 16

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,  
And never trouble Peter for the matter. *Exit.*

Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whore-  
son, ha! 20

Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith! 'tis day:

The county will be here with music straight,

For so he said he would. *Play music [within].*

I hear him near.

Nurse! Wife! what, ho! What, nurse, I say!

*Enter Nurse.*

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up; 25

I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,

Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

11 mouse-hunt: *woman-hunter*

13 jealous-hood: *jealous woman*

20 Mass: *by the Mass*

whoreson: *dog*

21 logger-head: *blockhead*

## Scene Five

[*Juliet's Chamber*][*Enter Nurse.*]

*Nurse.* Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!

Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!

What! not a word? you take your pennyworths  
now: 4

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,

Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep! 8

I needs must wake her. Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down  
again! 12

I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas! Help! help! my lady's dead!

O! well-a-day, that ever I was born.

Some *aqua-vitæ*, ho! My lord! my lady! 16

*Enter Mother.*

*Lady Cap.* What noise is here?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*Lady Cap.* What is the matter?

*Nurse.* Look, look! O heavy day!

*Lady Cap.* O me, O me! my child, my only life,  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! 20

Help, help! Call help.

1 fast: *sound asleep*

4 pennyworths: *money's worth (of sleep)*

6 set up his rest: *staked his all, i.e., is determined*

*Enter Father.*

*Cap.* For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

*Nurse.* She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

*Lady Cap.* Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead!  
she's dead! 24

*Cap.* Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she's cold;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated:  
Death lies on her like an untimely frost 28  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*Lady Cap.* O woeful time!

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me  
wail,  
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak. 32

*Enter Friar and the County with Musicians.*

*Fri. L.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return.  
O son! the night before thy wedding-day  
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies, 36  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.  
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;  
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,  
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's! 40

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's  
face,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

*Lady Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful  
day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw 44  
 In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!  
 But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
 But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
 And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight! 48

*Nurse.* O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!  
 Most lamentable day, most woeful day,  
 That ever, ever, I did yet behold!  
 O day! O day! O day! O hateful day! 52  
 Never was seen so black a day as this:  
 O woeful day, O woeful day!

*Par.* Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!  
 Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd, 56  
 By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!  
 O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

*Cap.* Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!  
 Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now 60  
 To murder, murder our solemnity?  
 O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!  
 Dead art thou! dead! alack, my child is dead;  
 And with my child my joys are buried! 64

*Fri. L.* Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure  
 lives not  
 In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
 Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,  
 And all the better is it for the maid: 68  
 Your part in her you could not keep from death,  
 But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
 The most you sought was her promotion,  
 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd;  
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd 73  
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

61 solemnity: (*marriage*) feast  
 66 confusions: *disorders*

65 confusion's: *ruin's*  
 73 advanc'd: *raised*



O! in this love, you love your child so ill,  
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well: 76  
 She's not well married that lives married long;  
 But she's best married that dies married young.  
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is, 80  
 In all her best array bear her to church;  
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*Cap.* All things that we ordained festival, 84  
 Turn from their office to black funeral;  
 Our instruments to melancholy bells,  
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,  
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change, 88  
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
 And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri. L.* Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;  
 And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare 92  
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave.  
 The heavens do lower upon you for some ill;  
 Move them no more by crossing their high will.

*They all but the Nurse [and the Musicians] go  
 forth, casting rosemary on her and shutting  
 the curtains.*

*First Mus.* Faith, we may put up our pipes,  
 and be gone. 97

*Nurse.* Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put  
 up, for, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

*Exit.*

*First Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be  
 amended. 101

79 rosemary; cf. n.

101 amended: *bettered*

83 Cf. n.

85 office: *function*

*Enter Peter.*

*Pet.* Musicians! O! musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease': O! an ye will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.' 104

*First Mus.* Why 'Heart's ease'?

*Pet.* O! musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe'; O! play me some merry dump, to comfort me. 108

*Sec. Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

*Pet.* You will not then?

*Musicians.* No. 112

*Pet.* I will then give it you soundly.

*First Mus.* What will you give us?

*Pet.* No money, on my faith! but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel. 116

*First Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

*Pet.* Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate, I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me? 121

*First Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

*Sec. Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit. 125

*Pet.* Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men: 128

'When griping grief the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

S. d. Enter Peter; *cf. n.*

108 dump: a mournful tune

120 carry: put up with crotchets: both 'quarter-note' and 'whim'

121 re . . . fa: syllables for the second and fourth notes of the musical scale

123 note: provide with notes, set to music

125 put out: exert

102 Heart's ease; *cf. n.*

115 gleek: gibe; *cf. n.*

129 When griping grief; *cf. n.*

Then music with her silver sound—  
 Why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver  
 sound'? What say you, Simon Catling? 133

*First Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a  
 sweet sound.

*Pet.* Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

*Sec. Mus.* I say 'silver sound,' because mu-  
 sicians sound for silver.

*Pet.* Pretty too! What say you, James  
 Soundpost? 140

*Third Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say.

*Pet.* O! I cry you mercy; you are the singer;  
 I will say for you. It is, 'music with her silver  
 sound,' because musicians have no gold for  
 sounding: 145

'Then music with her silver sound  
 With speedy help doth lend redress.'

*Exit.*

*First Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this  
 same! 149

*Sec. Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in  
 here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT FIFTH

### Scene One

[*Mantua. A Street*]

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

133 Catling; *cf. n.*

142 cry you mercy: *beg your pardon*

145 sounding: *making music*

1 flattering truth; *cf. n.*

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
 And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit 4  
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead;—  
 Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to  
 think,—

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips, 8  
 That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.  
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter Romeo's man, Balthasar.*

News from Verona! How now, Balthasar? 12  
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
 How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;  
 For nothing can be ill if she be well. 16

*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;  
 Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,  
 And her immortal part with angels lives.  
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20  
 And presently took post to tell it you.  
 O! pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!  
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper, 25  
 And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* I do beseech you, sir, have patience:  
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import 28  
 Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush, thou art deceiv'd;  
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.  
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

3 bosom's lord: *heart*  
 21 took post: *started on a post-horse*

11 shadows: *phantoms*  
 28 import: *indicate*

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone, 32  
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.

*Exit Man.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
Let's see for means: O mischief! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men. 36  
I do remember an apothecary,  
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted  
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, 40  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves 44  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,  
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show. 48  
Noting this penury, to myself I said:  
An if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him. 52  
O! this same thought did but fore-run my need,  
And this same needy man must sell it me.  
As I remember, this should be the house:  
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. 56  
What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary.*

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor;

39 weeds: *garments*      overwhelming: *overhanging*  
40 simples: *medicinal herbs*      45 beggarly account, etc.; *cf. n.*  
47 cakes of roses: *solid perfume from rose-petals*      52 caitiff: *miserable*

Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have  
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear 60  
 As will disperse itself through all the veins  
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead,  
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath  
 As violently as hasty powder fir'd 64  
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law  
 Is death to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretched-  
 ness, 68  
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
 Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,  
 Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;  
 The world is not thy friend nor the world's law:  
 The world affords no law to make thee rich; 73  
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. 76

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
 And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold, worse poison to men's  
 souls, 80  
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world  
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:  
 I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
 Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh. 84  
 Come, cordial and not poison, go with me  
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

*Exeunt.*

59 ducats: coins each worth-not quite a dollar

60 gear: stuff

63 trunk: body

67 utters: gives out

Scene Two

[Verona. Friar Laurence's Cell]

*Enter Friar John.*

*Fri. J.* Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter Friar Laurence.*

*Fri. L.* This same should be the voice of Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

4

*Fri. J.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town,

8

Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;

So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

12

*Fri. L.* Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

*Fri. J.* I could not send it, here it is again,

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearful were they of infection.

16

*Fri. L.* Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,

The letter was not nice, but full of charge

Of dear import; and the neglecting it

May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;

Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight

21

Unto my cell.

*Fri. J.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

*Exit.*

*Fri. L.* Now must I to the monument alone;

6 associate: accompany

8 searchers: health officers

12 stay'd: stopped

18 charge: importance

21 crow: crowbar

Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake: 24  
 She will beshrew me much that Romeo  
 Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
 But I will write again to Mantua,  
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come: 28  
 Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

*Exit.*

### Scene Three

[*A Churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets*]

*Enter Paris and his Page with flowers and sweet water.*

*Par.* Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
 Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,  
 Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground: 4  
 So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
 Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,  
 But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
 Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go. 9

*Page.* [*Aside.*] I am almost afraid to stand alone  
 Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

*Exit.*

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I  
 strew, 12

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;  
 Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,  
 Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:

25 beshrew: *blame*  
 3 all along: *at full length*

Scene Three S. d. sweet: *perfumed*



The obsequies that I for thee will keep 16  
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

*Whistle Boy.*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20  
What! with a torch?—muffle me, night, awhile.

[*Retires.*]

*Enter Romeo and Balthasar his man, with a torch, a  
mattock, and a crow of iron.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock, and the wrenching  
iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father. 24

Give me the light: upon thy life I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death, 28  
Is partly, to behold my lady's face;

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring, a ring that I must use

In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:

But, if thou, jealous, dost return to pry 33  
In what I further shall intend to do,

By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs. 36

The time and my intents are savage-wild,  
More fierce and more inexorable far

Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 40

*Rom.* So shalt thou show me friendship. Take  
thou that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

*Bal.* [*Aside.*] For all this same, I'll hide me here about:

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. 44

[*Retires.*]

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,

Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

*Opens the tomb.*

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

*Par.* This is that banish'd haughty Montague, 49

That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief

It is supposed the fair creature died;

And here is come to do some villainous shame 52

To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

[*Comes forward.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague,

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee: 56

Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;

Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone;

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

Put not another sin upon my head

By urging me to fury: O! be gone:

By heaven, I love thee better than myself. 64

For I come hither arm'd against myself:

Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say

A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*Par.* I do defy thy conjurations, 68

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,  
boy! *They fight.*

Page. O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.  
[*Exit.*]

Par. [*Falls.*] O, I am slain!—If thou be merci-  
ful, 72

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face:  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!  
What said my man when my betossed soul 76  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think  
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:  
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80  
To think it was so? O! give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book:  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;  
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes 85  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd,  
[*Laying Paris in the tomb.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death 88  
Have they been merry! which their keepers call  
A lightning before death: O! how may I  
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty: 93  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. 96

74 peruse: survey

76 betossed: troubled

84 lantern: a windowed turret, as often over the center of large churches

86 presence: presence-chamber, great room of state

89 keepers: sick-nurses

90 lightning: exhilaration

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
 O! what more favour can I do to thee,  
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain  
 To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100  
 Forgive me, cousin! Ah! dear Juliet,  
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
 That unsubstantial Death is amorous,  
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps 104  
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
 For fear of that I still will stay with thee,  
 And never from this palace of dim night  
 Depart again: here, here will I remain 108  
 With worms that are thy chambermaids; O! here  
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
 From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your  
 last! 112  
 Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you  
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!  
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!  
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on 117  
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
 Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!  
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. 120  
*Falls.*

*Enter, [at the other end of the Churchyard,] Friar,  
 with lantern, crow, and spade.*

*Fri. L.* Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

108 Depart again; *cf. n.*115 dateless: *everlasting*121 speed: *protector*engrossing: *monopolizing*110 rest; *cf. n.*122 stumbled; *cf. n.*

*Bal.* Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

*Fri. L.* Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend, 124

What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capel's monument.

*Bal.* It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master, 128  
One that you love.

*Fri. L.* Who is it?

*Bal.* Romeo.

*Fri. L.* How long hath he been there?

*Bal.* Full half an hour.

*Fri. L.* Go with me to the vault.

*Bal.* I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence; 132  
And fearfully did menace me with death  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

*Fri. L.* Stay then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me;

O! much I fear some ill unlucky thing. 136

*Bal.* As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

*Fri. L.* [*Advances.*] Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains 140  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*]

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what! Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood? Ah! what an unkind hour 145  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance.

The lady stirs.

*Juliet rises.*

*Jul.* O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be, 149

And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*]

*Fri. L.* I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep: 152

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee 156

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*] I dare no longer stay.

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

*Exit [Friar Laurence.]*

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand? 161

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after! I will kiss thy lips; 164

Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,

To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*]

Thy lips are warm!

*First Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy: which way?

*Jul.* Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath; *Stabs herself.*

there rust and let me die. 170

*Falls [on Romeo's body and dies.]*

148 comfortable: *affording comfort*

162 timeless: *untimely*

165 Haply: *perhaps*

*Enter Boy and Watch.*

*Page.* This is the place; there where the torch doth burn.

*First Watch.* The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard. 172

Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.

*[Exeunt some of the Watch.]*

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain,  
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain these two days buried. 176

Go, tell the prince, run to the Capulets,  
Raise up the Montagues, some others search:

*[Exeunt others of the Watch.]*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes  
We cannot without circumstance descry. 181

*Enter one with Romeo's man.*

*Sec. Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

*First Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

*Enter Friar and another Watchman.*

*Third Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps; 184

We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

*First Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the friar too. 187

*Enter Prince with others.*

*Prince.* What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

*Enter Capulet and his Wife.*

*Cap.* What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

*Lady Cap.* The people in the street cry Romeo,  
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run 192  
With open outcry toward our monument.

*Prince.* What fear is this which startles in your ears?

*First Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;  
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, 196  
Warm and new kill'd.

*Prince.* Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

*First Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;  
With instruments upon them, fit to open 200  
These dead men's tombs.

*Cap.* O, heaven!—O wife! look how our daughter bleeds!  
This dagger hath mista'en!—for, lo, his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague— 204  
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

*Lady Cap.* O me! this sight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter Montague.*

*Prince.* Come, Montague: for thou art early up, 208  
To see thy son and heir more early down.

*Mon.* Alas! my liege, my wife is dead to-night;  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.  
What further woe conspires against mine age? 212



*Prince.* Look, and thou shalt see.

*Mon.* O thou untaught! what manners is in this,  
To press before thy father to a grave?

*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a  
while, 216

Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;  
And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear, 220  
And let mischance be slave to patience.  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri. L.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place 224  
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

*Prince.* Then say at once what thou dost know in  
this. 228

*Fri. L.* I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:  
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;  
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd. 236  
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,  
To County Paris: then comes she to me,  
And, with wild looks bid me devise some mean  
To rid her from this second marriage, 241  
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her,—so tutor'd by my art,—  
 A sleeping potion; which so took effect 244  
 As I intended, for it wrought on her  
 The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo  
 That he should hither come as this dire night,  
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave, 248  
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.  
 But he which bore my letter, Friar John,  
 Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight  
 Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone, 252  
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,  
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,  
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo: 256  
 But, when I came,—some minute ere the time  
 Of her awakening,—here untimely lay  
 The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.  
 She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, 260  
 And bear this work of heaven with patience;  
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,  
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself. 264  
 All this I know; and to the marriage  
 Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this  
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time, 268  
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

*Prince.* We still have known thee for a holy man.  
 Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

*Bal.* I brought my master news of Juliet's  
 death; 272  
 And then in post he came from Mantua

247 as this: *this*  
 255 closely: *secretly*

253 prefixed: *previously fixed*  
 273 post: *haste*

To this same place, to this same monument.  
 This letter he early bid me give his father,  
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault, 276  
 If I departed not and left him there.

*Prince.* Give me the letter; I will look on it.  
 Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch?  
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

*Page.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's  
 grave, 281  
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did;  
 Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;  
 And by and by my master drew on him; 284  
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prince.* This letter doth make good the friar's  
 words,  
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death:  
 And here he writes that he did buy a poison 288  
 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.  
 Where be these enemies?—Capulet! Montague!  
 See what a scourge is laid upon your hate, 292  
 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love;  
 And I, for winking at your discords too,  
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd.

*Cap.* O brother Montague! give me thy hand: 296  
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
 Can I demand.

*Mon.* But I can give thee more;  
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold;  
 That while Verona by that name is known, 300  
 There shall no figure at such rate be set  
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

280 made: *was doing*

297 jointure: *marriage portion, settled on the bride*

301 rate: *value*

*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity! 304

*Prince.* A glooming peace this morning with it  
brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:  
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things:

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:  
For never was a story of more woe 309  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. *Exeunt omnes.*

305 glooming: *dark*

FINIS

## NOTES

**Prologue.** That the speaker of this prologue and of that before Act Second appears as 'Chorus' is due to the influence which the classic tradition had upon English drama. A chorus, which often served to interpret the author's meaning, was an integral part of Greek and Latin plays, and was employed by some early English dramatists. Shakespeare used the old word to designate the actor who recited prologues.

**Prol. 6.** *star-cross'd*. The pseudo-science of astrology taught that human destinies were affected by the stars. Similar phrases throughout the play suggest the influence of Fate upon the fortunes of Romeo and Juliet.

**Act First. Scene One.** Nowhere else in the early editions of this play are there printed indications of the divisions into acts and scenes. The divisions made hereafter in this text, as well as the definite localizations of scenes, are those generally adopted by modern editors. On the Elizabethan stage there was often no sharp break between scenes, and the locality of the action was frequently left indefinite.

**I. i. 1.** *carry coals*. This phrase gets its meaning from the fact that in noble households the lowest menials were those who carried wood and coals.

**I. i. 15.** *take the wall*. In mediæval streets he who was nearest the house walls was safest from filth. Hence, to give the wall was an act of courtesy; to take it, the reverse.

**I. i. 47.** *bite my thumb*. 'To threaten or defy, by putting the thumbnail into the mouth, and with a jerk (from the upper teeth) to make it knock.' (Cotgrave.)

I. i. 65. *kinsmen*. This of course refers to Tybalt, whom Gregory sees approaching. Benvolio enters behind Gregory.

I. i. 79. *Clubs*. A bit of English rather than Italian color. This was the rallying cry of London apprentices, who used their clubs sometimes to enforce peace and sometimes to break it. Bills were weapons consisting of a long wooden handle having at one end a blade or axe-shaped head; partisans, long-handled spears having one or more lateral cutting projections.

I. i. 108. *Free-town*. Brooke's translation of the Italian name 'Villa Franca.'

I. i. 158. *sun*. Most editors follow Theobald in substituting 'sun' for 'same,' the word found in the early editions.

I. i. 176. *view is muffled*. Cupid, although commonly represented as blindfolded, is still able to direct his arrows where he likes.

I. i. 180. *more with love*. As presently appears, it was with one of the Capulets that Romeo believed himself in love.

I. i. 181-186. Such strained antitheses as these appear frequently in the more conventional love sonnets imitated from the Italian by Shakespeare's contemporaries.

I. i. 222. This probably means that since she refuses to have children she can in no way leave her beauty behind when she dies.

I. ii. S. d. *Clown*. This designation of Capulet's servant shows that the part was assigned to one of the low comedians or 'merry-men' of the company.

I. ii. 15. This may mean either, She is the one who will inherit my estate, or, the one in whom all my hopes are centered.

I. ii. 29. *fennel*. Capulet has reference to the supposed power of fennel to awaken passion. Fennel was thrown in the path of brides, and it was especially the flower of newly married couples. The

reading of the first Quarto, 'female,' is commonly substituted in modern editions.

I. ii. 32-33. No satisfactory explanation of these lines has been offered. It is possible that they mean. When you see the many beauties at my house, you may include my daughter among them, even though you consider her to be relatively insignificant. Old Capulet later affects a similar modesty when he speaks of his 'trifling, foolish banquet.' He seems to be quibbling on the common idea that one is 'no number.'

I. ii. 45. *In good time.* Seeing two gentlemen, the servant thinks that they can help him, and says, 'At just the right time.'

I. iii. 33. '*Shake,*' etc. A phrase to indicate the moment of the earthquake.

I. iii. 52. *it brow.* Shakespeare uses both 'it' and 'its' as the possessive.

I. iii. 86. *margent.* Lady Capulet compares the indications of character which may be found in the eyes to the commentary printed on the margin of a page. In speaking of a 'cover' (l. 88) she also quibbles on the contemporary French law term for a married woman, 'feme covert.'

I. iii. 89. *fish lives in the sea.* Since it is said that fish-skin was sometimes used for binding books, this probably means that the girl who is to be the cover for this fair book has not yet been caught.

I. iv. 1. *this speech.* It was common for those who came uninvited to a feast to appear masked and preceded by a messenger, sometimes dressed as Cupid, who made a formal, complimentary apology for the intrusion.

I. iv. 37. *proverb'd.* Two proverbs are implied in the following lines: 'A good candle-holder (spectator) proves a good gamester'; and one to the effect that he does well who is done when the game's at the fairest.

I. iv. 40. *Dun's the mouse.* Mercutio's quip is not clear. Perhaps the phrase is simply, Keep still—hence the constable's own word. Dun's in the Mire was a Christmas game wherein Dun, the horse (a log of wood), was supposed to be got out of the mire by the players.

I. iv. 42. *save your reverence.* At once an apology for a remark of doubtful propriety and an adjective referring to excrement.

I. iv. 45. *lights.* Mercutio puns on the word 'lights,' referring to the second meaning, 'enlightenments,' and then says, Take our real meaning, where our sound opinion is much more often found than in the subtle embroideries thereon which our cleverness suggests to us.

I. iv. 56. *agate-stone.* In allusion to the small figures often cut in agates to be used as seals.

I. iv. 66. *worm.* 'It was supposed, and the notion probably encouraged for the sake of promoting industry, that when maidens were idle, worms bred in their fingers.' (Nares.)

I. iv. 90. *plats the manes.* There was a superstition that malignant spirits, carrying tapers of wax, sometimes haunted stables in the night-time, dropping wax on the horses' manes, thereby plaiting them in inextricable knots.

I. iv. 115. *Exeunt.* The stage direction of the Folio reads, 'They march about the stage, and serving-men come forth with napkins.' This indicates the original stage business—the procession of maskers approaching the rear-stage, supposed to be the house of Capulet, and the entrance therefrom of the servants, indicating that the scene is thereafter within the house. After the servants' conversation the procession of the maskers appeared to enter the house, while Capulet and his guests came from another room (the rear-stage) to meet them.



I. v. 31. *tables up*. Tables of flat leaves hinged together and placed on trestles were often used. When removed they were turned up.

I. v. 97-110. These lines form a sonnet. The following lines begin another sonnet, and incomplete sonnets may be found elsewhere in the play.

I. v. 98. *the gentle sin*. If my touch be a profanation, it is that of the pious pilgrim who has come to do honor to the shrine of a saint. Perhaps the 'gentle' sin is to touch with the lips instead of the rough hand. This whole dialogue derives its point from Romeo's being costumed as a pilgrim. His dress is represented by Inigo Jones as a long loose gown, with large sleeves, a round cape, a broad-leaved hat turned up in front and fastened with a cockle-shell, and in the left hand a pilgrim's staff.

I. v. 122. Romeo means that Juliet has brought him into what may be a costly relation with his enemies; for he must pay with his life if Juliet be taken from him.

II. i. 2. *dull earth*. I.e., my body. As the particles of earth seek their center, so Romeo seeks what is now the center of his existence.

II. i. 13. *Abraham Cupid*. Cupid is so called 'in derision of the eternal boyhood of Cupid, though in fact he was at least as old as Father Abraham.' (Schmidt.) Perhaps there is also reference to 'Abraham men,' i.e., vagabonds who feigned madness. Other suggestions are that the phrase means 'the light-haired Cupid,' since 'auburn' was sometimes spelled 'abram'; or 'naked Cupid' (Jensen, MLN. 30. 62).

*shot so true*. This refers to a stanza from the ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid* (see *Child's Ballads*):

'The blinded boy that shoots so trim  
From heaven down did hie,  
He drew a dart and shot at him,  
In place where he did lie.'

II. i. 15-16. Mercutio 'has begun his burlesque adjuration to Romeo in the character of a wizard conjuring up a spirit, in keeping with the midnight hour and Romeo's invisibility. Romeo's failure to answer suggests to him another situation to parody, that of the showman with the performing ape, which has been trained to "play dead" or to pretend disobedience.' (Strunk, MLN. 32. 215.)

II. i. 36. *medlars*. The double meaning here and frequently elsewhere in Mercutio's speeches cannot decently be explained.

II. Scene Two. That there was no break here on Shakespeare's stage is shown by the fact that there is no direction for Romeo's entrance and that the first line of his speech rimes with the last of Benvolio's. Romeo's friends probably remained outside the trees placed on the stage (or whatever stage property—if any—represented 'this orchard wall'), while Romeo disappeared on the other side. After they leave he comes out, and Juliet appears at the window above. The indication of a new scene here is merely a convention of modern editions, and on the stage the two scenes are still given as one.

II. ii. 6. *her maid*. I.e., a servant and follower of the virgin goddess Diana, also goddess of the moon.

II. ii. 31. *lazy-puffing*. In old woodcuts clouds are often represented as having faces with distended cheeks from which they puff out wind; but possibly the correct reading is the 'lazy-pacing' of the first Quarto.

II. iii. 88. That you spoke memorized, conventional phrases without really knowing the elements of love.

II. iv. 20. *prince of cats*. In the old animal epic of *Reynard the Fox* the prince of cats is named Tybert, or Tybalt.

II. iv. 25. *silk button*. This is made clear by the following quotation: 'Thou that takest upon thee to

hit anie Englishman with a thrust upon anie button' (Silver's *Paradoxes of Defence*, cited by Staunton).

II. iv. 34. *grandsire*. Probably Mercutio thus addresses Benvolio because of the latter's quiet, conservative character unlikely to sympathize with new and extravagant modes.

II. iv. 36. *pardonnez-mois, etc.* Along with such affectations of French words came also the large French breeches ill-suited to old-fashioned seats. Mercutio puns on the two meanings of form, 'bench' and 'fashion,' and on French 'bon' and English 'bone.'

II. iv. 40. *without his roe*. 'That is, he comes but half himself; he is only a sigh—O me! that is, me O!, the half of his name.' (Seymour.)

II. iv. 42. *Petrarch*. The love sonnets in which the Italian poet Petrarch (1304-1374) glorified his adored Laura were extremely popular and much imitated in Shakespeare's time.

II. iv. 66. *pump well flowered*. 'Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is that Romeo wore pinked pumps—that is, punched in holes with figures.' (Johnson.)

II. iv. 77. *wild-goose chase*. A kind of horse race in which the rider who fell behind was obliged to follow the leader over whatever ground he chose.

II. iv. 152. '*Lady, lady, lady*.' From the refrain of the popular old ballad of *Chaste Susanna*.

II. iv. 225. *dog's name*. That R was called the dog's letter because he 'arres and barks against the moon,' does not clear the nurse's meaning. Probably it was no clearer to the nurse herself.

III. i. 125. *depend*. The unhappy destiny of to-day hangs over many future days.

III. i. 194. *hate's*. The conventional reading, from Q1. If the reading of Q2, 'hearts,' be substituted, the meaning is that by the loss of his kinsman Escalus has been so drawn into the quarrel that he

too shares in the actions dictated by the promptings of affection.

III. ii. 1. *fiery-footed steeds*. The horses of the sun, which, when Phaethon undertook to drive them, ran away.

III. ii. 6. *runaways' eyes*. One of the difficult phrases in the text of Shakespeare about which it is possible to think almost anything and to prove nothing. The present editor is inclined to believe that, unless the text is hopelessly corrupt, the runaways are the horses of the sun referred to above, so that the wish that they may close their eyes in sleep is another way of wishing for the coming of darkness. Among the many other readings and explanations which have been offered, perhaps the most plausible is that of Stewart, who would read 'runaway's,' and who believes the runaway to be Juliet herself, who is running away from her maiden modesty.

III. ii. 14. *hood, etc.* Terms from falconry.

III. ii. 53. *God save the mark*. Originally a formula to avert an evil omen(?); hence one of apology for mentioning something disagreeable or improper.

III. ii. 121. *rearward*. This carries out the figurative suggestion of an army begun in l. 114. Possibly there may also be a play on 'rear word.'

III. iii. 97. *conceal'd*. Not the lady, but her being his lady, is concealed.

III. v. 31. *change eyes*. The toad having beautiful eyes and the lark very ugly ones, there was a popular saying that there had been an exchange between the two.

III. v. 59. *Dry sorrow*. Sorrow and anxiety were supposed to exhaust the blood, thus causing pallor.

III. v. 95. *dead*. This word may be taken as part of either the preceding or the following clause, and thus serves the double meaning of the whole speech.

III. v. 222. *green*. 'The brilliant touch of green visible in very light hazel eyes, and which gives wonderful clearness and animation to their look, has been admirably denoted by poets from time immemorial.' (Clarke.)

IV. i. 38. *evening mass*. Although even at this time evening Masses were exceptional, they were occasionally celebrated, and especially at Verona.

IV. i. 47. It puts upon my mind a strain which it is unable to meet.

IV. iii. 30. This line appears only in the first Quarto, and may have been omitted intentionally by Shakespeare in revising the play. On the other hand, it may have been carelessly dropped out.

IV. iii. 48. *mandrakes*'. A plant the root of which was supposed to resemble a human figure and, when pulled from the earth, to emit shrieks which drove insane or killed any who heard them.

IV. iii. 59. The universally accepted text of this line (cf. appendix on Text) has only the authority of the corrupt first Quarto. Although the relative merit of the two lines may be debatable, the reading here adopted has become so familiar that any change has been deemed inadvisable.

IV. iv. 4. *curfew bell*. The bell used at night for the curfew was apparently also rung in the early morning.

IV. v. 79. *rosemary*. Rosemary, being an ever-green, was regarded as a symbol of immortality, and hence used at funerals. Also, as a symbol of enduring love, it was used at weddings, and had been brought to the Capulets for this purpose.

IV. v. 83. Though tears are natural, excessive mourning for the dead appears ridiculous when considered from the standpoint of reason.

IV. v. 101 S. d. *Enter Peter*. The second Quarto has here, 'Enter Will Kemp,' which shows that the part of Peter was played by this favorite comedian,

and which may throw light on the reason for introducing this scene.

IV. v. 102. *Heart's ease*. A popular tune. 'My heart is full of woe' was the refrain of a familiar ballad.

IV. v. 116. *give you the minstrel*. The minstrel was a gleeman or 'gleekman'; hence this is a punning phrase repeating the idea of 'give you the gleek.' The minstrel's reply seems to be only the stupid retort, If I'm 'only a minstrel,' you're only a servant.

IV. v. 129 ff. These are the opening lines of a song printed in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576).

IV. v. 133. *Catling*. Shakespeare's names for these musicians were connected with their art. A 'catling' is a small lute-string of catgut; a 'rebeck,' a three-stringed predecessor of the violin; a 'sound-post,' a part of a stringed instrument.

V. i. 1. *flattering truth*. "The verisimilitude of visions presented during sleep. "Flattering" is here used in the sense of "illusive." (Clarke.)

V. i. 45. *beggarly account, etc.* A few boxes which, being empty, amount to almost nothing.

V. iii. 108. *Depart again*. After these words the second and third Quartos and the Folios have:

Come, lie thou in my arms.  
Here's to thy health, whereere thou tumblest in.  
O true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.  
Depart again?

Since these lines do not appear in the other Quartos, and since much of what they contain is later repeated, they are omitted from modern texts. Miss Porter, however, argues with some force that unless Romeo takes the poison at this point its effect is amazingly quick.

V. iii. 110. *set up . . . rest.* Cf. IV. v. 6. Here 'rest' has also its usual sense.

V. iii. 122. *stumbled at graves.* This was considered a bad omen.

V. iii. 221. *And let mischance, etc.* Let patience control your sense of misfortune.



## APPENDIX A

### SOURCES OF THE PLAY

Although the credulous visitor to Verona may still see the 'tomb of Juliet' and the 'home of Juliet's parents,' there is little doubt that the tragic story of the two lovers is not based upon historical fact. The essential elements of the tale have been traced as far back as a fifth century Greek romance, but the story as we know it took shape in Italy, where it was told by more than one author of the sixteenth century. Of these versions the one most directly connected with Shakespeare's play is Bandello's *Giulietta e Romeo* (1554). This, with some alterations and additions, was translated into French by Boaistuau, who made it the third of his *Histoires Tragiques* (1559). On this Arthur Brooke based an English poem, *The Tragical Historye of Romeus and Juliet* (1562), and Painter a prose version published in his *Palace of Pleasure* (1567). There is also good reason to believe that an English play, now lost, presented the story shortly before 1562. A Dutch play, which has been thought to be an adaptation of this, was made by one Jacob Struijs in 1630. This has come down to us and may give some notion of the lost English original.

Shakespeare, when writing his tragedy, knew and used Painter's prose version, Brooke's poem, and probably the earlier English play. Of the three the poem is the most important source. The alterations which Shakespeare made are profound, affecting the whole tone and structure of the narrative as well as the characterization of individuals; but not infrequently he follows closely the suggestions of the poem, as may be seen by comparing IV. iii. 15-58 with the following passage:



What doe I knowe (quoth she) if that this powder shall  
Sooner or later then it should or els not woorke at all?  
And then my craft describe as open as the day,  
The peoples tale and laughing stocke shall I remayne for  
aye.

And what know I (quoth she) if serpentes odious,  
And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venomous,  
That wonted are to lurke in dark caues vnder grounde,  
And commonly, as I haue heard, in dead mens tombes are  
found,

Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded?  
Or how shall I that alway haue in so freshe ayre been bred,  
Endure the lothsome stinke of such an heaped store  
Of carkases, not yet consumde, and bones that long before  
Intombd were, where I my sleping place shall haue,  
Where all my auncesters doe rest, my kindreds common  
graue?

Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,  
Fynd me (if I awake before) ystified in the tombe?

And whilst she in these thoughtes doth dwell somewhat to  
long,

The force of her ymaging anon dyd waxe so strong,  
That she surmysde she saw, out of the hollow vaulte,  
(A griesly thing to looke vpon) the carkas of Tybalt;  
Right in the selfe same sort that she few dayes before  
Had seene him in his blood embrewde, to death eke wounded  
sore.

And then when she agayne within her selfe had wayde  
That quicke she should be buried there, and by his side be  
layde,

All comfortles, for she shall liuing feere haue none,  
But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone;  
Her dainty tender partes gan sheuer all for dred,  
Her golden heares did stand vpriight vpon her chillish hed.  
Then pressed with the feare that she there liued in,  
A sweat as colde as mountaine yse pearst through her tender  
skin,

That with the moysture hath wet euery part of hers:  
And more besides, she vainely thinkes, whilst vainely thus  
she feares,

A thousand bodies dead haue compast her about,  
And lest they will dismember her she greatly standes in  
dout.

But when she felt her strength began to weare away,  
By little and little, and in her hart her feare increased ay,  
Dreading that weakenes might, or foolish cowardise,  
Hinder the execution of the purposde enterprise,

As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cought,  
And vp she dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther  
thought.

Then on her breast she crost her armes long and small,  
And so, her senses fayling her, into a traunce did fall.

(*The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Iuliet*,  
ed. Daniel, 2361-2402.)

## APPENDIX B

### THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

That *Romeo and Juliet* was already popular in 1596 is shown by the title-page of the first printed copy (Q1, 1597) which describes the play as 'often (with great applause) plaid publicquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants.' This company of actors was thus known only between July, 1596, and April, 1597. The evidence of rhyme and meter, and the numerous verbal quibbles support the belief that the play was written before 1596, probably at some time between 1593 and 1595. There is good reason to believe that it later underwent some slight revision. Allusions to the play in 1598 and 1599 indicate that its popularity continued; and the fact that it was four times reprinted in quarto (Q2, 1599; Q3, 1609; Q4, undated; Q5, 1637), as well as the evidence afforded by the title-pages of these editions, supports the belief that this tragedy held the stage until the closing of the theatres in 1642. It was revived on March 1, 1662, not long after the reopening of the theatres. Shortly thereafter it was altered by James Howard, who provided a happy ending. His version and the original were then performed on alternate nights. Both were temporarily driven from the stage by a curious production of Thomas Otway's, *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, first performed in 1680. Into this Roman tragedy Otway introduced large portions of *Romeo and Juliet*, with a result most unsatisfactory to modern taste. Otway's ending was based upon one of the old Italian stories of Romeo and Juliet in which Juliet awakens before Romeo dies and both lovers learn of

Romeo's fatal mistake. When Theophilus Cibber brought Shakespeare's play back to the stage in 1744, he retained this feature of Otway's play and omitted the references to Rosaline. The version used by the famous actor, David Garrick, in 1750 was substantially that of Cibber. The additions to the death scene remained popular and were used in an American production as late as 1899, although Charlotte Cushman restored Shakespeare's conception in 1845. Many nineteenth century productions, such as that of Henry Irving, followed eighteenth century precedent in cutting most or all of the scene which follows Juliet's death. Thus, in one form or another, the play has continued to hold the English stage until the present day, several important productions having been made since 1900. It has been equally popular in America since its performance in 1754 by the first English company that visited this country.

## APPENDIX C

### THE TEXT OF THE PRESENT EDITION

The present text is based upon that of Craig's *Oxford Shakespeare* (Oxford University Press). Both the spelling and the punctuation are Craig's, with the exception of a few unimportant commas and a normalization of the following words: traffic, antic, villainous, lantern. The large number of verbal variations recorded below is due to the peculiar textual problem which this play presents. The first Quarto is notoriously corrupt, being made up—at least in part—from the notes of a spectator in the theatre. Unfortunately the earlier eighteenth century editors gave it much more weight than it deserved, often preferring its readings to those of the fairly accurate second Quarto, from which the later Quartos and the Folios were derived. Hence many of its readings, notably the last line of the third scene of the fourth act, have become traditional. With the exception of this line and of Theobald's emendation, 'sun' for 'same' (I. i. 158)—readings which have the sanction of a long line of Shakespearean editors—it has seemed wise to accept the more authoritative text, save where that of the first Quarto appeared clearly more plausible, and to replace all words having only first Quarto authority by those appearing in the better texts. In the following list of departures from Craig's text the words adopted in the text and placed first are—unless otherwise stated—the readings of Qq2-5 and of the Ff. The words after the colon are—except where otherwise indicated—those preferred by Craig on the authority of the first Quarto alone.

- I. i. 133-4 Cr. has the single line from Q1: *That most  
are busied when they're most alone*  
 196 *made: rais'd*  
 198 *loving: lovers'*  
 ii. 29 *fennel: female Q1Ff2-4*  
 iii. 52 *it: its, Ff3, 4*  
 iv. 45 *light lights; lights, lights, Qq2-5, Ff: like  
lamps*  
 59 *over: athwart*  
 62 *her: the*  
 63 *her: the*  
 82 *he dreams: dreams he*  
 v. 135 *here: there*  
 II. i. Prol. 10 *use: us'd (misprint?)*  
 3 *Romeo! Romeo!: Romeo!*  
 13 *Abraham: Adam, Steevens*  
 ii. 31 *puffing: pacing*  
 39 *thysself, though: thysself though,*  
 48 *thy: that*  
 58 *yet not: not yet*  
 59 *thy: that*  
 84 *should: would*  
 107 *vow: swear*  
 168 *By: At*  
 178 *That: Who*  
 iii. 15 *plants, herbs: herbs, plants*  
 27 *kings: foes*  
 40 *with: by*  
 66 *that: whom*  
 74 *yet ring: ring yet*  
 85 *chide me not; her I: chide not; she whom I*  
 88 *that: and*  
 iv. 6 *to: of*  
 14 *run: shot*  
 43 *was: was but*  
 67 *Sure wit: well said*  
 77 *our: thy*  
 78 *am: have*  
 111 *Given to Mercutio*  
 112 *Given to Benvolio*  
 174 *bid: bade*  
 176 *in: into*  
 vi. 23 *is: are, Rowe*  
 III. i. 65 *love: hate*  
 119 *cousin: kinsman*  
 ii. 5-6 *night, That runaways': night! That run-  
away's*

- iii. 15 *Here: Hence*
- 40 ff. Cr. omits 40 and in 41 reads: *Flies may do this, but, etc. (Q1)*. The QqFf are confused; the arrangement in the text is that of Daniel.
- 51 *a little speak: but speak a word*
- 76 *simpleness: wilfulness*
- 84-89 Cr. gives these lines to the Friar
- 112 *And: Or*
- iv. 8 *times: time*
- 34 *very: very, very*
- v. 43 *Love . . . friend: My lord, my love, my friend*
- 150 *chopt-logic: chop-logic*
- IV. i. 7 *talk: talk'd, Q1, 5*
- 78 *any: yonder*
- 81 *hide: shut*
- 94 *distilling: distilled*
- ii. 22 *to: and, Pope*
- iv. 6 *Go: Go, go, Theobald*
- V. iii. 170 *rust: rest*
- 194 *your: our, Johnson*
- 271 *to: in*

## APPENDIX D

### SUGGESTIONS FOR COLLATERAL READING

Besides the invaluable edition of *Romeo and Juliet* in the *Variorum Shakespeare* (ed. H. H. Furness), the following are among the more suggestive of the books containing critical comment on the play:

Mrs. Jameson, *Characteristics of Women* (1833);  
 S. T. Coleridge, *Literary Remains* (1836);  
 S. T. Coleridge, *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare* (1849).

Wm. Poel, *The Stage-Version of Romeo and Juliet*, Trans. of the New Shakspeare Society (1887); reprinted in *Shakespeare in the Theatre* (1913);

S. A. Brooke, *On Ten Plays of Shakespeare* (1905).

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